The Forum

FEBRUARY, 1923

THE RELIGION OF ROOSEVELT

By Oscar S. Straus

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has taken his place among the immortals. Day by day, scores of men, women and children, and on holidays and Sundays, thousands go to the little cemetery at Oyster Bay where rest his mortal remains. They come, young and old, rich and poor, not out of curiosity, but in the spirit of reverence, admiration and love for the man who touched their lives on so many sides, and who embodied their ideals of democracy and social justice. "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," was his favorite biblical quotation, and embodied his ideals and his religious creed. It was incorporated in the message he wrote printed on the fly leaf of the Bibles which the New York Bible Society sent in the summer of 1917 to the American boys abroad.

This country in its development has passed through two distinct political stages. First, its national constructive period under the Fathers. Then civil rights and unification period; and now we are in the third stage, the period of "social justice." By the providence of God and the wisdom of our people, each of those periods developed a leader who

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placed into the presidential chair the statesman equipped with the qualities of heart and mind to guide the country through storm and stress to a higher and broader plane of righteous democracy. Just as Washington and Lincoln were the leaders of the first and second periods, so was Theodore Roosevelt the intrepid and wise leader of the third period, in the throes of which we are still living.

When our government was founded, life was more simple. Political and social democracy were practically identical. A decade after our Civil War began the marvelous growth and development of our expanding industries under corporate management. In the pursuit of material gains, consideration for the welfare of labor, the human element in production, was not adequately safe-guarded and provided for. This neglect contributed in widening the breach between our democracy and our social life. The evil results growing out of this widening breach was imperilling our political system. Theodore Roosevelt, with an historian's knowledge of the past and a statesman's forecast of the future, became the leader of the movement to check this tendency and to insure a measure of social justice. A great man is he who discovers the evil tendencies of his time, and has the wisdom, the ability, and the determination to correct them. Roosevelt was that man. The measures he formulated into law and advocated with such power and conviction in public addresses and in messages to Congress during the seven years of his administration, and before that when he was governor, were chiefly devoted to this great problem. He met with the villification and bitter opposition which all reformers encounter—the opposition not only of individuals, but of the entrenched corporate powers which threatened the control of the State itself. He saw with clearness, and effectively pointed out that unless the reactionaries of privilege were not checked and made obedient to law, that it would inevitably result in a revolutionary movement at the other end of the social system.

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Though born an aristocrat, as that term is often used, and brought up in affluent surroundings, by reason of his inborn sympathies with the plain people, he was in spirit and in attitude towards others a genuine democrat. At his table at the White House were often gathered rich and poor, labor leaders and captains of industries, rough-riders, legislators, authors and politicians, with all of whom he was in sympathetic touch, and from all he sought information. He said again and again, "This country will not be a good place for any of us to live in unless we make it a good place for all of us to live in." In consonance with this principle, he vitalized and caused to be enacted into law such measures as the Pure Food Laws; the Meat Inspection Act; the Child Labor Laws; the Railroad Rate Regulations; and the Regulation of the Trusts. When he first began his attack upon corporations to tax the franchises of railroads, in answer to the protests of the leader of his party, he said: "We must set ourselves as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand, as against demagogy and mob rule on the other." Political expediency or personal considerations never had any influence upon his action; certainly not, when they conflicted with his sense of right.

The reformers of the world were not so much innovators or creators of new ideas as they were readjusters of the life of a people on the basic principles of elementary right and justice. This was true of the Prophets of Israel as of Luther, Washington and Lincoln. It was likewise true of Roosevelt who was sneeringly referred to by some of his bitterest enemies, as preaching and acting as if he were the discoverer of the Ten Commandments. This criticism is a confirmation of his great services in impressing upon the conscience of the American people the elementary truths as well as the principles of justice underlying our democratic institutions. Roosevelt laid the foundations of a new order of basic democracy and a fuller economic opportunity which is still in the course of development.

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During the seven years of his Presidency and the years following, he never ceased to be a constant source of inspiration to our people. The reason for this is he touched life in so many different aspects, and especially the life of the "average man," as he was in the habit of calling the plain people. He said: "We Americans are children of the crucible. The crucible does not do its work unless it turns out those cast into it in one national mould. * * * We must be Americans and nothing else." He had a wonderful judgment of human nature. He was in the best sense of the word, a good politician. He had a deep insight in the human side of politics; and of the many offices he held from the time when at twenty-three, he was a member of the Assembly of the State of New York, he never held the responsibilities of office lightly, but literally dedicated himself to the discharge of its exacting duties. When Police Commissioner, his inspection tours at all hours of the night, and his visits on the East Side with Jacob Riis, are still remembered as examples of his untiring devotion and thorough conscientiousness. His purpose throughout was to shape our economic household so as to bring about an accord on the basis of justice between the big man and the little man, between the employer and his worker. In 1910 on his return from Africa, when he delivered his lecture at the Sorbonne in Paris, he said, upon this subject: "Ordinarily and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamentally, and in the long run, identical; but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, then human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property."

In matters of religion he was broad-minded and tolerant. Most men bring up from their youth a certain amount of religious prejudices. I recall a discussion Roosevelt had with Dr. Lyman Abbott, that grand patriarch of spirituality and wisdom, who has so recently left us, and myself, when we were both guests at the White House. In a walk just

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before breakfast, the conversation turned upon religious prejudices, apropos of some incident that had recently taken place. He was saying that the greatest enemy of true democracy was religious prejudice; that in his father's house, any expression in that direction was promptly checked, and that from boyhood his own attitude had been set against it. In this connection as further illustrating Roosevelt's mind upon the subject, it is interesting to recall this incident: During the Taft campaign in 1908, Roosevelt received a number of letters demanding some kind of statement from Mr. Taft, who is a Unitarian, and was then the candidate, as to his faith and also an answer to the assumption that he leaned toward the Catholic church on account of his wife and brother, erroneously alleged to be Catholics. This irritated Roosevelt very much. So he promptly prepared a letter in reply to one of the writers. He read the draft to the members of the Cabinet who advised him not to send the reply pending the election, as it might have a tendency to interject the sectarian question into the campaign.

With a mind always open to suggestions and advice, he acquiesced. As soon, however, as the election was over he sent the reply and made it public. It is a document of such genuine and pure democracy, voicing in such clear and emphatic words the principles of religious liberty underlying our system of Government, that it should be read and re-read by grown-ups as well as by children in our schools, at least once a year. I will cite only one extract. He said:

> "I regard it as an outrage even to agitate such a question as a man's religious convictions with a purpose of influencing a political election. * * * To discriminate against a thoroughly upright citizen because he belongs to some particular church, or because, like Abraham Lincoln, he has not avowed his allegiance to any church, is an outrage against liberty of conscience, which is one of the foundations of American life. * * * In my Cabinet at the present time there sit side by side

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> Catholic and Protestant Christian and Jew, each man chosen because in my belief he is peculiarly fit to exercise on behalf of our people the duties of the office to which I have appointed him. In no case does the man's religious belief in any way influence his discharge of his duties save as it makes him more eager to act justly and uprightly in his relations to all men."

So many public men who have given their lives to affairs of State, have done so at the expense of their duties to home, wife and children. This could never be said of Roosevelt for he was a most dutiful and affectionate husband, and a most devoted and companionable father. He was not only a man's man, but was equally a woman's man and a child's man. All of whom came within the circle of his personality, were fascinated by him. He seemed never to forget anyone whom he met. I have never known anyone who had a greater quality for showing and attracting friendship to and from people in all classes, rich and poor, big and little, so long as they were true and honest.

Roosevelt in his lecture on Washington and Lincoln, said: "There have been other men as great and other men as good, but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great." May we not with all truth say of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, in all the history of our country, there are no other three great men as good as these; no other three good men as great. A country that has such three preeminently great and good men in its calendar of liberty is destined to have a long life so long as its people are guided by their wise teachings, inspired by their example, and hold in reverence their memory and patriotic services.

Though he was not permitted to fight for liberty and democracy on the Western front, he above all men quickened the conscience of our countrymen for preparedness and but for that service, God only knows whether our boys would have arrived in time to defeat the last great German drive. And, while we praise the splendid services of our

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officers and men, let us not forget that Roosevelt, the insistent and unceasing advocate of preparedness, must be numbered among our greatest heroes of the war. The dominant note of his life was unselfishness, public spirit and patriotism, "to spend and be spent for the general welfare." He vitalized the public conscience of our people in the world's greatest crisis, and year by year, his influence and ideals are growing in the hearts and in the imagination of our people as "his truth goes marching on."

TORTURED FRIEZE

By Virgil Geddes

What stills the touch
Of Feature-afflicted man?
The questioned face,
The nimbly twitching lips,
The aspiration?

Split seeds that sprout
Among the circus of our lives
Come to find they frame
A plastic tortured frieze
Within the grimace of our face.

Thus, this and that
Of what we are
In lifted, stern hauteur.

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THE FASCISTI AND ITALY'S ECONOMIC RECOVERY

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

REGULARLY the Minister for Finances in the new Italian Cabinet receives letters from workingmen who offer to work an hour overtime each day and turn over the proceeds to the Government, in order to help in the difficult task of balancing the national budget. Only since the Armistice the Italian workers have enjoyed the 8-hour day; an offer to do overtime, and for so impersonal a being as the Government, seems little short of marvellous. Yet this is the spirit the Italian fascisti have succeeded in communicating to a large share of the laborers. Though a minority, the fascisti have by their appeal to local spirit, their histrionics (martial mimicry, old Roman salute, songs about youth and fighting, Latin terminology, blackshirts, etc.), their romantic idealism and the opportunities they offered for good scrapping, succeeded in rousing the more energetic though less reflective part of the population. Thanks to them, Italy is unquestionably the most patriotic country in Europe today. Correlated with this patriotism is the determination to get on in the world and better the country's standing among the nations; hence a sturdy attempt to balance the national budget, to restore the confidence of both domestic and foreign capital, to exalt the soldier, the State servant, the patriot and the producer, and to sweep out the parasite, whether socialist or "speculator."

This apparently abrupt change in the national mind—as violent as a religious conversion!—can be understood only if we regard the recent coup d' état less as a revolution

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than as the consequence of natural growth, the sloughing of an old skin that had grown too tight.

What the fascisti desire is anything but a return to "normalcy." "Normal" Italy is an easy-going paternalistic country, colored by indolence, veined with favoritism, streaked with cheating and graft, peaceful, unprogressive, parasitical, where success generally comes by cunning or crookedness or the possession of influential friends, governed by old men through an old-fashioned, over centralized, monstrously ramified bureaucracy that chokes individual initiative. As a proletarian nation it lacked capital for imperialism or expansion, but its errant sons did the humbler portions of the world's work in five continents. Despite the individual brilliance of many Italians, Italy did not cut a very big figure in the world. It is precisely this "normalcy" that the fascisti are determined to root out at any cost; fascism was less a reaction to a hypothetical revolutionary menace than to this easy-going mentality of other days. "Per la nuova Italia, grande, imperiale, temuta—eja, eja alala!" This is the slogan of the black shirts.

How did the change come? Gradually, of course. The unfruitful Lybian war of 1911-12 marked the beginning. Those who followed it were not surprised by the excellent rôle played by Italy in the world war. In 1915 as now, the majority of emasculated politicians in the Chamber of Deputies gave way without a struggle to a "resolute minority" and their country entered the world war. Not improperly Benito Mussolini, the son of the blacksmith, the Dictator, today treats the authorized representatives with contempt—not for their opinions, but for lacking the courage of their convictions.

Now no country is really stronger than its masses. The old Cabinets had considered monuments and unfruitful colonies more important than popular education. The country paid the penalty. Since the conservative State left the common people out of the national life, the Social-

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ists had a clear field. The Italian people has never desired real self-government, and has possessed only the bare semblance of it. Political democracy, which Dictator Mussolini seemed to sweep way, is a dream for the future. The socialists soon succeeded in awakening in Italian labor a feeble sort of class consciousness which made lack of patriotism a positive virtue. Government fell into contempt. Hence, subsequent to the war, the Italian socialists, intoxicated by the example of Russia, went far toward revolution. They paralyzed the State, imposing a subverted teleological idea of property—the railroads to the railroad men, etc. They wrung high wages—higher than industry could support. But such action was meaningful only if it culminated in revolution. When after the factory lock-in of 1920 the Italian workers, finding themselves without the marketing experience and financial power necessary to carry on industry, lost their nerve and decided against insurrection, because they shrank from its sacrifices, what had been intelligible as political sabotage became senseless destruction; the workers found themselves facing industrial crisis with crippled tools of production and only the State with its unemployment doles standing between them and hunger. The feeble statesmen drew breath and began to resist. The pusillanimous capitalists pulled what capital they had not "cached" in foreign countries out from under the bed and handed it over to the fascisti who, outraged by two or three acts of labor barbarism, had raised the patriotic flag, and begun an armed offensive. Financed first by the industrial owners, then by the landed proprietors, and last by a shadowy group of supposedly international bankers; the fascisti attacked the demoralized socialists and with the complicity of the police completely routed them. The march on Rome followed naturally. The capture of the city by Mussolini and his 300,000 armed blackshirts, his assumption of dictatorship disguised as Prime Minister, was, despite royal camouflage, brutally illegal. It was none the less economically salutary.

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At the same time, a portion of the masses had been attracted to the Catholic "Popular" Party which, through the well organized Catholic co-operatives and the peasant proprietors, assumed great proportions. But the future of the Party seems compromised by its truly ecclesiastical ductility, which permits it to support all Cabinets in turn and constantly to approve the logic of the strong.

Italy's economic return began a year later than the fascisti reaction (end of 1920) but has grown with the success of the blackshirts. Whether or not the Italians can follow the German example and transform their country into a thorough going industrial nation is problematical. Certain industrial processes are today profitable only owing to the low value of the lira, which reduces the cost of domestic labor. But lacking coal and iron, the indispensable bases of "heavy industry," Italy can hardly hope to make up this lack by abundance of water power, skilled labor and adaptability. The best basis for the national economy would seem to be agriculture and related industries (canning, silk, spinning and weaving, etc.) with a large growth of other highly skilled and specialized industries representing little raw material and much labor (automobiles and other machines, etc.) The position of Italy in the Mediterranean basin might also be capitalized by better organization of the transport and distributing machinery. Foreign capital and initiative would supplement the somewhat sluggish energy of the Italian industrial owners. But the State has never encouraged normal economic growth. It has protected parasitic industries of no benefit to the national defence, such as sugar growing, iron and steel casting, etc. (in time of war it is no more difficult to import steel ingots than iron ore) and, (more reasonably) subsidized ship building and navigation. But it has done comparatively little for agriculture and fruit growing, and neglected the development of water power, improving the North to a certain extent, but leaving the South, and in the Islands, in incredibly backward conditions.

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Until the war Italian banking was largely foreign. Even more foreign was Italian industry. The labor employed, the capital invested, were indeed home grown, but the impulse, and in many cases the actual management, were chiefly German.

Visions of unlimited war profits encouraged native initiative. The accumulation of fortunes during that period gave a powerful stimulus to banking. War prices also improved agriculture and by raising the rural standard of living, greatly bettered the farmers as citizens. Italy came out of the war more prosperous than she entered it. Of this there can be little doubt. During the pseudo-revolutionary years this real prosperity was not greatly visible (1) because revolutionary menace scared capital underground; (2) because the Government attempted to make the war profiteers pay for the war; (3) because of psychological exhaustion and the turning from production to speculation and spending; (4) because of necessary deflation and the providential pricking of monstrously swollen war industries and their financing banks. Deflation was delayed a long time by Government interference and depreciation of the currency, which made for apparently high salaries and an artificial business boom. Naturally, the attempt to balance the budget by squeezing the profiteers failed, as this class is nowhere remarkable for disinterested patriotism.

To meet financial and socialist pressure, the bewildered Government passed a few measures. It began the investigation of war contracts and where—pretty generally!—it discovered fraud, demanded restitution of illgotten gains. It greatly increased the income tax, and threatened to demand the registration of ownership of bonds and stocks. This last plan irritated Capital beyond measure since it made it impossible for the owners to hide possession from the tax collector.

Nevertheless industry during 1922 showed marked improvement. What is the tangible evidence?

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I. The development of waste power, which is proceeding gradually and bringing with it the electrification of certain sections of the railroads; and the opening of at least one very important group of new mines, perhaps the vastest sources of potash known anywhere. It has been found that a certain hard rock, so common that it is used for paving the streets of Rome, can by a simple process, be resolved into silicon, alumina and potash. The quantities of ore are enormous (exploited chiefly near Gaeta, between Rome and Naples) and already exportation of both potash and the ore itself is growing, both to the United States and elsewhere, (Statement of the new Italian ambassador to Washington, Don Gelasio Caetani).

II. Progress toward rendering the country self-sufficient. The greatest success has been in the cultivation of tobacco, whose manufacture into smokable form and commerce thereof, constitute a very profitable Government monopoly. Imported tobacco, which amounted in 1920 to 336,776 quintals, has, without diminished consumption, sunk (first half of 1920) to 101,238 quintals, or approximately 200,000 quintals for the entire year. The Minister for Finances, Signor de Stefani, believes that within a few more years, the Italian consumption of imported tobacco will be insignificant. American exporters may take warning.

The special effort made to reduce importations from "high exchange" countries has made for a great falling off in trade with the United States. Some compensation may be found in the future increase of Italian exports, and especially by a modification in the prohibition laws, which would permit the introduction of Italian wines in America and accordingly increased Italian buying power. Investments of American capital in Italian undertakings are probable and the "invisible trade items" (emigrant remittances and American tourist expenditures) are increasing.

III. Commerce Reports. "Heavy rains in late summer fell in abundance and saved the crops; fine propaganda work by agricultural associations resulted in energetic de-

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velopment of cocoon and mulberry leaf production; commercial agreements were made to admit silk goods at favorable terms in other countries; the wool interests announced that Italy can now do all its own wool combing and spinning independently of other countries; the cotton industry reported that nearly all its spindles and looms were running full time and with four months' orders ahead; the Fiat Works began to put on a night shift . . ." (See Commerce Reports, November 6, 1922). Moreover, a people of 39 million that can afford to spend in a single year 12,000,000,000 lire on wine (figures given me by the Minister for Finances) cannot be other than prosperous.

IV. The ability to absorb its ever increasing labor. Unemployment in Italy reached a maximum of 600,000 persons in February of this year, but has now shrunk to under 400,000 persons. Considering that during the war and after, emigration was reduced to comparatively small proportions and that the population has increased several millions since 1914, we must, even allowing for the gaps left by the killed and disabled, conclude that the country is finding work for at least a million more persons than before the war.

V. The number of tourists has not since the armistice been what it was before, and everything is being done to draw them. The activity of the State Tourist Department in making known the delights of Italian scenery and climate, and urging hotel keepers to provide more suitable lodgings, is highly commendable and is showing results.

VI. The relation of exports to imports—the "commercial budget":

Year	Importation in lire	Exportations	Unfavorable Difference
1913	3,645,638,975 (gold)	2,511,638,537 (gold)	1,134,000,438 (gold)
1920	26,821,622,668 (paper)	11,774,125,058 (paper)	15,047,497,610 (paper)
1921	15,348,442,958 (paper)	7,903,223,470 (paper)	7,445,219,488 (paper)
1921 June to 1922 June	.....	.....	6,800,000,000 (paper)

The latest deficit—6,800,000,000 paper lire—is equivalent to 1,700,000,000 gold lire and thus only 566,000,000 gold lire greater than in 1913 when the lira was at par and

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the finances flourishing. Against this entire deficit one must put the "invisible trade items"—

Emigrants Remittances (estimated; the figures give 3,689,000,000 lire from the United States alone)	4,500,000,000
Foreign Tourist Expenditure in Italy (figures given by the Italian State Tourist Department)	2,000,000,000
	6,500,000,000

Increase over 1913 in volume of merchandise carried by Italian shipping:	
Exports	11%
Imports	6%
Estimated total	6,800,000,000

It is evident that Italian trade has practically been balanced, a fact confirmed by the comparative stability of the lira.

Such was the condition when the Fascisti seized the leading straps of Government. They have already further bettered a bettering situation.

As long as they remain in power their hand grenades, clubs and castor oil represent a guarantee against labor troubles. They have ousted the parasitic labor forces which controlled and deliberately limited the unloading in the port of Genoa. They have reassured domestic capital. They have done what they could to restore foreign confidence, given a boost to the lira, and invited foreign, especially American investment, in Italy, promising freedom from bureaucratic interference. There is today talk of American loans to the municipalities of Rome and Milan, both badly in debt.

Greatest of all, the fascisti have promised to balance the budget within four years. The recent deficit (1921-1922) amounting to 6,000,000,000 paper lire, is divided as follows:

War pensions	2,000,000,000
Reconstruction of invaded regions	2,000,000,000
Loss on public services	2,000,000,000

War pensions will gradually diminish but cannot be eliminated under thirty years. The reconstruction of the invaded territories, which has already cost 16,000,000,000 lire, will be completed within three years at a cost of 2,000,000,000 lire annually. The deficit in the public services

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will be wiped out by reforming and reducing the bureaucracy and handing over postal service, telegraphs, telephones, railroads and insurance institutions to private hands. Taxes will yield more and more as business recovers. Mussolini has bullied the Chamber of Deputies into giving him full power for "financial and bureaucratic reform." If, therefore, we believe in the capacity and permanence of the blackshirts, we may, with the colors of fact, fancy and optimism, paint a picture of the restoration of the Italian budget somewhat in this wise:

ESTIMATED DEFICIT

Items	1922-1923	1923-1924	1924-1925	1925-1926
Pensions	1,900,000,000	1,800,000,000	1,700,000,000	1,600,000,000
Reconstruction	2,000,000,000	2,000,000,000	2,000,000,000	.....
Public Services	1,500,000,000	.....	.....	.....
	5,400,000,000	3,800,000,000	3,700,000,000	1,600,000,000
Increased tax returns from business revival	1,000,000,000	1,200,000,000	1,400,000,000	1,600,000,000
Total deficit	4,400,000,000	2,600,000,000	2,300,000,000	none

Q. E. D.

Taking this pretty financial picture at its face value, we add the total deficit of the next three years, 9,300,000,000 to the internal debt (June 30, 1922), (pre-war, debt, war loans, treasury notes, paper currency, bank notes) of 93,-218,000,000 paper lire and prepare to paint another: an Italy of 1926 with the ravages of the war erased: a centralized, industrialized, commercialized, less attractive yet more powerful Italy, realizing its strength, yet keeping out of fruitless war, paying interest on a consolidated debt of 112,518,000,000 paper lire.

To support such a debt, it must remain paper—the lira, that is, cannot be permitted to return to its pre-war rate. There is little danger. Too many Italian interests would be damaged thereby. Nor would the reduction in the foreign debt (21,311,425,652 gold lire, whereof dollars 1,648,934,050.90 to the United States) be any offset to this damage, since no sane Italian has the slightest intention of paying either interest or principal.

And there must be peace in Europe . . .

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THE NEW ERA IN ISLAM

By CLAIR PRICE

IN the number of square miles and in the population of which it disposes, the new Turkey is only a tenth-rate State. Such importance as it has lies not in its size, but in that role on the world's stage which Islam has conferred upon it. The Turk's is a small figure but one which stands close to the footlights, dwarfed though it is by the giant figures of the Great Powers about it. The Turk today is a pigmy, projected by Islam into the company of giants.

No other country enjoys the relationship to forces outside its own frontiers, which Turkey enjoys. It is this fact which gives profound significance to events in Turkey which, in any other country, might command only a local meaning. No man writes of local events, whose typewriter touches Turkey.

The present Turkey is a small bridge, but it is *the* bridge between the industrial West and the Islamic East, and its very existence is of the deepest meaning to West and East alike. Had the recent Greco-Turkish war been staged elsewhere, in Iraq, say, or in Jugo-Slavia, its spectators might have been limited in number; but staged on the Turkish bridge, the amphitheatre of its spectators reached from the back hills of Java to the country towns of the United States. So rapidly have events crowded across the Turkish bridge during the last ten years (and even more rapidly during the last ten months), that it is to be doubted whether even yet we are fully aware either of their meaning or of the meaning of Turkey itself.

Turkey enjoys the position which it occupies on the world's stage, by reason of its possession of the Caliphate

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of Islam. The old Ottoman Empire of which it is the chief Succession State, had been a theocracy since 1517 when the Ottoman Sultan Selim the Grim, as the strongest Moslem ruler of his day, took the Caliphate in Cairo and was shortly confirmed in his possession of it by the *bai'at* of most of his weaker Moslem contemporaries. The Caliphate corresponds most closely to the title of Defender of the Faith which the King of England holds. It was not, however, a purely nominal honor for its duties were the very actual duties of paying for the up-keep of the Moslem holy places in Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem, of keeping the pilgrimage routes open (a very gravely actual duty in some years), and of interpreting Moslem jurisprudence. The British Privy Council has been accustomed for years to listen with the greatest respect to decisions upon points of Moslem law by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, through whom the Caliph discharged his spiritual duties in the old Empire; and our own Philippine authorities are accustomed to listen with the same respect to decisions respecting our Moslems in the Islands. There were also duties respecting Moslems in non-Moslem lands which fell to the Caliph in more recent years; the *imam* who has charge of Moslems in New York is a Turk who was dispatched to the United States from Constantinople.

In the main, however, the Ottoman Sultan-Caliph was concerned with the protection and the administration of the holy places in Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem, and the Sultan Selim's first act upon his acquisition of the title in Cairo was to proclaim his sovereignty over Mecca and Medina as he had already proclaimed it over Jerusalem. Although the last-named city contains Christian and Jewish holy places as well as Moslem, it ought to be explained, with reference to Moslem rule over it, that of the three faiths Islam is the only one which venerates both the Christian and Jewish holy places as well as its own; Jesus and Moses are of the line of Prophets of whom Islam holds Mohammed to be the last.

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The Ottoman Empire was a theocracy, in which the spiritual and temporal functions were closely inter-woven. Its non-Moslem minorities were set apart, free to exercise in their own communities their own spiritual and temporal rights. Even down to the small Abyssinian community at Jerusalem, of only 90 members, this cleavage along religious lines was carried out. To us in the United States, to whom the separation of church and state is one of the corner-stones of life, it was an unbelievably mediaeval scheme on which to build a State, but as long as the Sultan-Caliph was too strong to be seriously menaced from without, it worked well.

It was not until the balance of world power had shifted within the last century from the Islamic East to the growingly industrial West, that the Caliphate became a powerful symbol in the eyes of Islam, just as, we may imagine, the now nominal title of Defender of the Faith in London would become a powerful symbol in the Western world, if the position were reversed. With Western Powers steadily reducing the number of independent Moslem countries until only the Ottoman Empire, Persia and Afghanistan were left, Islam became genuinely concerned over "our brother the Turk," into whose keeping it had resigned its Caliphate. It may be noted in this connection that within Islam the Caliphate is a theological issue which sharply divides sect from sect, but the last few years have shown that in its attitude toward an outside world which it feels to be a growing menace, Islam does tend to adopt the Caliphate as the symbol of its outward unity.

We had then, by the time the war began in 1914, a theocratic Ottoman Empire whose Christian communities had been alienated by their contact with Western political ideas and whose mediaeval structure was crumbling beneath the impact of modern Westernism. Yet Islam clung tenaciously to the theocracy which was crowned by its Caliphate, and Indian and Algerian Moslems who enlisted in the war for service against the Ottoman Empire made it the first

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condition of their enlistment that the war should not involve the Caliphate, that its conduct should be purely for temporal objectives and not for spiritual. The Ottoman Sovereign continued to administer his realm in spiritual matters through the Sheikh-ul-Islam and in temporal matters through the Grand Vizier, just as the British Sovereign is supposed to do through the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister. Although the forms were much the same in Constantinople and in London, the religious factor was far more pronounced in Constantinople; for Islam is a far more powerful factor in its own territory than Christianity has come to be in the industrial countries of the West.

Although his Christian communities had been alienated by their contact with modern Western political ideas, the Sultan-Caliph continued to maintain his contact with them through the heads of their communities in Constantinople, and each of them, in its own community, continued to exercise its own religious and political rights. Except for the minority of the Orthodox Christians who recognized the Bulgarian Exarchate, the Oecumenical Patriarchate in the Phanar suburb of Constantinople was the religious and political head of the Orthodox in Thrace, Constantinople and Asia Minor; and the Gregorian Patriarchate at 21 Rue de Brousse in the Pera suburb of the capital occupied a similar position among the Gregorian Armenians. Their program was, as their functions were, theocratic; and the disquisitions which the Church of England was conducting with the Orthodox Patriarchate in Moscow, looking toward the setting up of the joint capital of the Anglican and Orthodox communions at the Phanar, had lent powerful support to the Phanar's program. To us in the United States, who are accustomed to draw a sharp distinction between religion and politics, it was difficult to draw up an informed judgment on the struggle which was preparing in the crumbling Ottoman Empire. We had to choose between a crumbling but still dominant Islamic theocracy and a gathering Christian theocracy. Neither conformed entirely with our

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advocacy of political nationalism, although the latter made the closer approach and it was the latter which commanded accordingly such informed sympathy as we extended.

As everybody knows, the Islamic theocracy was broken during the war by the Caliph's loss of the holy places at Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem (although the Turkish garrison did not evacuate Medina until the Allies threatened counter-measures in Constantinople after the armistice in 1918. Even before the armistice, India's Moslems who constitute the driving force of Islamic opinion, had begun their demand for the restoration in its entirety of the Ottoman Caliphate. The British had raised up King Hussein at Mecca, presumably not unmindful of his lineal qualifications for an Arab Caliphate which would have dropped the new Turkey to the position of a tenth-rate State. Russia having collapsed, the Church of England transferred its negotiation from Moscow to the Phanar and the Oecumenical Patriarchate broke off its relations with the Sultan-Caliph. With the Phanar and Athens united under the leadership of M. Venizelos, Greek troops occupied Smyrna and a large area in its hinterland. Here was a Christian theocracy trampling on an Islamic theocracy, and informed American judgment hesitated before the struggle which had now been loosed upon the Turkish bridge.

From 1919 to 1922, we waited for a decision. The Ottoman Sultan-Caliph, now the mere shadow of a great tradition, still stood at the European end of the bridge and from India came the powerful voice of Islam demanding the restoration of his pre-war domain. Apparently, Islam had learned nothing from the war. It still thought in terms of theocracy and if the Turks themselves who had borne the heavy duties of the Caliphate since 1517, had learned anything from the war, they were keeping it a secret in Asia Minor. How secret they were keeping events in Asia Minor, is difficult to convey to those who have not tasted the fools' paradise of Constantinople during these last three years. Foreigners were not permitted to enter the interior

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of Asia Minor except with the permission of the new Turkish authorities at Angora, and Allied intelligence officers at Constantinople have lived on a pleasant grassy slope, casually and confidently forgetful of the possibility that the summit above their heads might be the crater of a volcano.

Those of us who were able to enter Angora, found there a small but surprising organism. The military forces which it was assembling might have been of interest to the Allied intelligence services in Constantinople, but to the rest of us they were not as interesting as the organism whose weapon they were. The Turks called their new Government at Angora a Nationalist Government. They said they had adopted the Western political doctrine of nationalism. They said their Orthodox Christians had given up their political prerogatives and had set up an autocephalous Turkish Orthodox Church as a purely religious body with its center at Caesarea. They said that their Government had similarly divorced religion and politics and that the Minister of Sacred Law who sat in their Cabinet for the time being, no longer enjoyed the precedence which the Sheikh-ul-Islam enjoyed in Constantinople and which the Archbishop of Canterbury still enjoys in England. They said furthermore that when they recovered Constantinople, they proposed to put an end to the Sultanate and to make of the Caliphate a purely religious office. They repudiated the theocracy which India was urging upon them. They were good Moslems, they said, but the institutions of Islam were a responsibility upon all of Islam and were not a burden which they, the Turks, could continue to bear alone. As a Turkish Government, their functions were political and not religious, and the time had come when it was imperative to separate the two functions.

All this was important if true. It was as important as anything that had happened on the Turkish bridge since 1453, if it could be taken seriously. But the difficulties seemed insuperable. Assuming a military success, what

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would Islam say to it? What would the Oecumenical Patriarchate say to it? What would the Allies say to it?

In the meantime, the Allies, the Oecumenical Patriarchate and the shadowy Sultan-Caliph continued to occupy the European end of the bridge, in unbelievable ignorance of what was happening at its Asiatic end. It was not until late last August that an ominous knocking was heard at the Asiatic end, and before December arrived, the new Turkish Government had re-occupied its old bridge up to the banks of the Maritza River on the borders of Western Thrace. The Sultan-Caliph fled, a new Caliph was elected, and India's Moslems, having recovered from their initial astonishment, acquiesced in the belief that the Caliphate belonged to the Turks and that whether the Turk was correct or not in stripping it of temporal power, he was still "our brother the Turk." Those Greeks who had not already joined the new autocephalous Turkish Orthodox Church at Caesarea, also fled with the exception of the Constantinople Greeks whose future is still under discussion as this is written. The Oecumenical Patriarchate, unwilling to give up it political prerogatives, is likewise a subject of discussion at the moment; the Gregorian Patriarch, unwilling to dissociate himself from the Armenian political program, has left Constantinople.

A new Turkey has come into being, determined to effect the same separation between religion and politics which we in the United States achieved in our War of Independence. Its success thus far is incomplete, for it is treading a new path and treading it with caution, but it has travelled farther than any of us who made our way into Angora a year ago dared dream. Abandoning the old foundations at Constantinople, it has had to build the country anew while contending for its right to exist. They were noble buildings which were put up on the old foundations at Constantinople, but they belonged to an age long past and Western weather has rapidly crumbled them. The new Turkish Govern-

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ment is a simpler edifice and one which we Westerners can comprehend.

For the first time in history, we have a Turkish Government which we can look upon as a political organism and not as a theocracy. It has adopted our political creed of nationalism, with a display of courage which only those can realize who understand the intimate relations it has maintained in the past with Islam. The Turkish people are still devout Moslems and always will be, but their Government is a Nationalist Government. Whether its peace-time achievements will merit our sympathy remains to be seen, but if it is to our advantage, as I believe it is, that ideas should freely flow across the Turkish bridge, the new Government which occupies that bridge ought to receive our watchful patience as it works out the heavy task which lies ahead of it.

I cannot end this paper without mentioning a second and a larger opportunity which lies at our hand, for contributing toward a durable peace in the Near East. The time is approaching when it will be possible to look upon Islam as a faith purged in India, as it has already been purged in Turkey, of its traditional antagonism to that creed of political nationalism which we have lifted up. Among the world's religions, there are three monotheisms which, as far as their human origin is concerned, have sprung from the same corner of the globe and which among them command today the allegiance of half the world's population. The oldest of the three is the Jewish faith whose communicants number only some 12 millions. By far the largest number of communicants of any of the world's religions, owns its allegiance to Christianity, the number of them being usually estimated at 560 millions. The youngest of the three monotheisms is that of Islam which is customarily credited with 220 communicants.

Of these three, Christianity and Islam are active missionary faiths. Islam was a revolt against the decadent worship of its day, and the circumstances of its origin are not

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wholly dissimilar to those of the later origin of Protestant Christianity. Islam and Protestantism are still marked by a rigid simplicity of worship and, in point of doctrine, Islam makes a distinguishable approach toward Unitarianism. I need not emphasize the fact that very important differences of doctrine exist between Islam and Protestantism, for abundant emphasis has been laid upon our differences in the past. I do suggest that the belated separation of religion and politics in Turkey makes it possible to explore the elements of religious community which exist between us, with a view to extending to Islam a degree of that fraternity which we have rightly extended in the past to Orthodox Christianity. No single contribution at our disposal would so powerfully assist in the preservation of a durable peace across the all-important Turkish bridge, as the realization that Moslems and Orthodox are children with us of the same Father.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

By Gustav Davidson

When I watch you walking before me
Naive and beautiful
I think of a slow wave
Receding
On a well-remembered shore.

Give me your hand
Innocent and adored one.
I know there are breaking ardours
Within your breast
Of whose tenderness I can have no conception.

Wait . . .
If a nightingale should suddenly spill
Music
Into this Manhattan night
I should say it was you
Giving the music of your mouth
To a first lover.

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PROLETARIAN ART

By ISADORE LHEVINNE

WHAT has become of Russian art? Where has gone the immense bulk of Russian literature, amongst which every year saw three or four masterpieces in the noblest sense of the word, which immediately would take their place among the world classics?

Literature and Art are now taken especial care of, and every district city has three institutions which handle it: Panedit (Useizdat) Proletcult (abbreviated from Proletarian Culture) and the division of Propaganda. Since 1919 no book, no pamphlet, could be published without the sanction of the Pan-edit. If a man writes a novel, a scientific essay or a pamphlet, he brings his book to the Vseizdat and the Executive board recommends it or not to publication.

In one of the biggest cities of the South, a sea-shore city, with a million inhabitants, I was in close relation with a man who was the Chairman of the Executive Board of Useizdat (which counted besides him two more members), which meant practically that he was a limitless protentate in his realm. And so he was indeed.

He was a little, lean man, with a boyish face, sharp nose, and eyes of lynx, which were never resting. He was always in motion as a drop of mercury, leaving one place and starting for another, constantly hovering around with some lofty plans; but the plans remained on the paper only. He was inebriated with power, and I often wondered how such a little body of his could stand so tremendous an afflux of thoughts and plans. He was exceedingly fond of the role of a Maecenas he assumed; he liked to gather around him a crowd of men of letters and arts, all of some repute and

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renown, and give the "advances" (in cash, of course), for some future work they had to produce for his magazines, newspaper or some vague, uncertain almanacs. He was an anarchist before the revolution, later on was converted into communism, as this was the prerequisite of obtaining any prominent post.

As the work in Vseidst was mostly a mechanical work, and was done by other two members of the Board, he busied himself with dictating his poetry to his stenographers or writing articles for his newspaper "Sovietskaya Vlast" (the power of the Soviets) for which he would not accept any article from anybody. I think he must have been something like a *graphoman,* a man obsessed with a desire to write, his lips puckered as if prepared to drop some caustic, virulent remark on any writing offered to him. He was ruthless as far as other people's writing was concerned; he would immediately find deviations from good style, commonplace, etc. He had, however, a high opinion of his own productions. After all, no doubt, he made quite a heap of money. Practically, he needed no salary, as almost limitless amounts were at his disposal, and as I said, accounting was very chaotic in his realm. He was given six million rubles for carrying on his business and his largesse was known to everybody. His main work was to edit small pamphlets dealing with the essential questions of the socialistic movements, land-reform, distribution of wealth, history of revolution, etc.; the newspapers were also printed and distributed through his intermediation. Then he suddenly had an idea of editing a satirical almanac which ought to be "something tremendous," as he stated in a preliminary note sent to us in which he fixed a date for our first editorial meeting. We met in his office in the evening, myself, Carmen, Linski, Gorianski and two other people.

Carmen (of course this is pseudonym) is an author of many short stories, not very deep, indeed, but written in a warm vein of human sympathy and compassion to the deteriorated; he himself is a very sympathetic, good natured,

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gentle man (and a gentleman, too), not having anything in common with communism, of course, but having on the other hand a wife with a charming child and so under pressure of looking for additional income to, his miserable salary of some 700 rubles which he got in the Department of Social Insurance, and with which he succeeded in eking out a living with meat once a fortnight, sardines once a week, bread every day, and undisturbed slumber every night. Thus he landed on the "Scaffold."

Linski was a rather unscrupulous journalist, serving both sides, and getting his best out of it; a writer, an illustrator, a cartoonist, trying to make up with his conscience and succeeding in it; his moustache always waxed; his bald pate carefully arranged, so that it seemed as if it were not bald at all; always fragrant, exquisite, having seen better times (he was a manager of a renowned theatre of the Chauve-Souris type in Moscow, an aristocratic place for the Boheme and their hangers-on and protectors) and having little reason for complaining even now. After the collapse of the Bolsheviki, he found himself again with his old pals and now he is quietly editing a satirical weekly in Paris with venomous invectives against the Reds.

But of all the Scaffold's crew, the most interesting was Valentin Gorianski (his true name was Ivanov), a highly renowned poet, writing in a very strange wise, scarcely read, but enjoying a great popularity in poetic circles (and this counts very much in Russia). He was a lean man of middle size with disorderly combed hair, torn shoes and a face where small-pox once reaped an abundant harvest. He was very taciturn, now and then nodded his head as if delighted with the Chairman's speech, but scarcely able to shake off the fit of terrible drowsiness which, one could see, inexorably took hold of him. I saw a glimpse of relief on his face only when the meeting was over and he suddenly stepped forward and grabbed the Chairman's lap.

"You must give me three hundred roubles," he whispered in a snarling voice.

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The chairman was rather startled. "Why, but our monthly is only in project. At least, if you had your poem ready I'd be able to give in advance."

"All right, the poem will be ready tomorrow."

The chairman argued a little bit and finally yielded.

I shall never forget the expression of despair on his face and the stubbornness of a drowning man with which he took hold of the chairman's lap.

Meanwhile the chairman harangued:

"Comrades, the order of the day is the publication of a monthly satirical almanac. It is to be a monthly which the bourgeois art has not heard of. It must be a biting, virulent invective against the middle class as *such* with its morals, psychology and viewpoints. Oh, I am sure you get me. It is to be full of what the Germans call "Geigen-humor," and so on. . . .

Unnecessary to add, the "Scaffold" never saw the sunshine.

I congratulated Gorianski as he went out. He was quiet, pale, the struggle knocked him out of his balance. Rolling his cigarette, he confessed with the ever present readiness of a Russian man to confess under any circumstances to anybody. He had a wife and three children and lived with them in one room which he got after long fight with the former tenant whom the Tenement Committee (there is also such a Committee) ordered to move. He came from Petrograd, where living conditions were terrible and where to remain meant starvation and immediate death for his children. He thought here in the South the conditions might be better. Indeed, they were. There was plenty of fresh air. But this was about all he could get for the 700 roubles of his salary. There was a constant, uninterrupted hunger in his family; he was never satisfied. He looked like a famine stricken beast. His eyes were in a constant rolling, as if looking for something eatable. Heaven, and this was the man who published three or four volumes of poetry, some of which were remarkable! This was the man whom the

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sham of revolution pushed down and out! His trouble was that he could not adapt himself (there were plenty of this category) although the majority adapted itself, and fairly well. Ridiculous to say, the reason why he did not want to join the Bolsheviki was his fear of their adversaries. He would not mind devoting his pen to the Bolsheviki; hunger overwhelmed him and threatened to crush down. It is true he hated them; something was in them which appalled him, which inspired aversion to his orthodox, Russian mind—for he was a real Russian, religious and somewhat narrow-minded. But the main thing was that the existing régime was so unstable and seemed about to collapse any minute.

"Well, I'll hunger a little bit more," he added with a bitter sigh. "Everything is so rotten, so rotten. They cannot stay very long." And he plodded away with his soleless shoes.

He was right. Two months later the Bolsheviki ran away before a handful of German Colonists who revolted against exuberant levying of contribution.

Several days after our conversation I met him again. He had twinges of conscience for the "advances" taken from the editor and told me he was working on a poem under the title of "Ore." According to his plan it ought to be a hymn to labor, a hymn to those humble, blacked, haggard faces, to those underground beings who give their best years away to provide us, the mankind, and civilization with ore. In choosing this subject, he told me, he acted cleverly. He had not to compromise, for, after all, one had not to be a Bolshevist to sing chants to Labor. And the theme was acceptable from the standpoint of a communist monthly. This seemed to be the position adopted by all men of letters. They were not so much praising the new stage, as blaming and criticising the old one. Thus the wolf was satisfied and the sheep safe.

But what has all this to do with the literary developments of Russia—the reader will ask?

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In order to understand it, let us keep in mind the bureaucratic machine of the Bolsheviki. Where private print is abolished, where all the publishing prerogatives are centralized in one person (even if there's a Board of three people, what then?) and, furthermore, where this person is an unbalanced, petty, inflated being (and so are they in their overwhelming majority)—one can imagine the current of Russian literature. With the books disappearing (fiction is trifling) the newspapers and the magazine became the only tribune where the creative power of one of the greatest people found vent.

As for the magazine—we know already the presumable character of the never-born "Scaffold." Others are alike. I held once a copy of Lunacharski's "Flame." About twelve etchings of Michael-Angelo, several copies of Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures, and a chapter from a novel of the French Revolution and, of course, poetry by Sollogub, Block and ultra-modernists. This is a proletarian magazine. Useless to say that neither peasantry nor educated classes read its meagre sixteen pages.

The magazine I saw in Moscow was a gorgeous one; if I am not mistaken, its title was "Art." This was a folio of some 64 or 80 pages with many pictures, poetry, and short stories. The poetry was ultra-decadent; the short stories were of a typical Andreeiv's model with minute analysis delving into subconscious; the pictures were all futuristic, so that you would never be sure whether you held them right; perhaps you'd have it better turned upside down, then you would, probably, find more sense in it. This magazine had a sub-title "Organ of Proletarian Art." The same sub-title was on a copy of a splendid magazine edited in Kieff by "The Corporation-Guild of Men-of-Art." If my memory does not betray me, its title was "Life." The first two pages had remarkable poetry of Sollogub, Block, Brusov and other geniuses of Russian poetry; then two or three discussions of a highly intricate character on topics of art, and, of course, futuristic designs, vignettes and an utterly incom-

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prehensible cover. I looked over and over and could not find anything proletarian, but the modest remark at the end of the first page: "Published by the Soviet."

The last magazine I came across was the Voronez "Flame." On the first page was "Hymn to Destruction" filled with such a nonsense that I thought the writer was a runaway from an insane asylum. No wonder. The first page also bore the sub-title "Organ of conscious anarchists" and in this organ they incited to destroy all, all, all—even fire, water, sky and earth—and then having purified the universe, to start a new life (on a new planet, perhaps).

Those are the leading magazines in Russia. They are all ultra-modern, and when trying to be proletarian and justify their title, falling into that lacrimous tone of tawdry bucolics, which always distinguishes anything made to order. After all the attempt of the Bolsheviki to "epater le bourgeois," to show him the innate possibilities of the proletarians and their creative power, and to produce a new "unheard of yet" type of a popular magazine, was a terrible failure.

Apart from the magazines there was an attempt to publish a new type of "proletarian almanac," not a periodical, but a mere selection of proletarian art. The only copy was published in 1919, and I shall always remember it, for I, myself, was the man who was charged with gathering material for it.

In 1918 I was in Moscow, and eked out a tolerable living by means of my pencil; I drew cartoons, made posters to order and illustrations in one of the greatest institutions of Russia—The Russian Vseidat, i. e., the Pan-Russian Publishing Company. At the head of the institution (which did for the whole of Russia and Siberia whatever the little editor of the "Scaffold" did for his district) was a certain Eremeiev, a very interesting type, whom now I cannot help associating with the former. He was from the emigrants, spent many years in exile, was in France. His hands were always shaking; his eyes haggard, and I do not doubt he

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was subject to doping himself with drugs; he was very educated and possessed a significant literary talent, but he was a walking wreck. Whether years of exile made him so, I do not know, but he was absolutely unbalanced; he had no memory whatever and a distracted smile was always puckering his lips.

This man had got the idea of publishing a "proletarian almanac" and told me to gather and register all material which would be sent in, as I was in charge of the pictorial division of his vast domain. And then the fun began. A deluge of manuscripts, letters and pictures came in, and, Heaven, how poor they were! How illiterate!

Next year, when I was in the South, worn out by the permanent underfeeding of the Northern Capital, I came across this almanac. It contained about four hundred pages. Among the poems there was one which I remember. It was a personification of the Revolution in the image of fire which destroys and purifies; an artistic comparison very current, as well as old; fire was still better poeticized by the great Russian poet Viacheslav Ivanov. There was very little interesting in the whole book but two pieces. One was a play—famous now in Russia, by Polevoy, called "The Proletarian." The play is very tenacious; it may be called a genuine proletarian play, for it deals only with laborers; it shows the everyday life of a workingman, his sufferings, underfeedings, prostitution, hopes, shattered ideals, crippling of body and soul and the tragic end of an average workingman's life. It was a sermon in four acts, a touching sermon, but still a sermon and no art.

Literature knows greater proletarian plays—Hauptman's "Weavers," or Langman's "Barthel Turazer." "The Proletarian" is proletarian, but not a play in pure dramatic sense; it is a dramatized theory.

However, the play had a tremendous success in Russia, and is considered by many leaders as a model of what proletarian art is to be.

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The second piece in the almanac was a short story by our old friend Eremeiev himself. I forget its title, but I remember what a poignant impression it made upon me; its deep melancholy, its depressed pessimism was startling, indeed, in a proletarian almanac; no doubt had the story been brought to our southern friend with the "Scaffold" it would have become a target for most venomous remarks. But as Eremeiev was himself the judge, the story passed. It dealt with the psychology of an exile, a man whose life was gone, crippled, shattered in his struggles for the ideals of freedom, and now out of joint, with a meaningless future, a dark night before him. The story was concise, and full of what we call atmosphere. Poor Eremeiev! I remember his childish smile, his indifferent sniffing with which he ordered "ten thousand books to be sent to the Czecho-Slovakian frontier, ten thousand to the German, two carloads to the Polish," and then jumped to the window hearing the screech of the automobile's horn. He knew it was time for his little charming boy to come in—to kiss his dad. The time was critical, the rebels were in Kazan, a day's ride from Moscow.

II.

Thus for magazines. The Bolsheviki could not and never will be able to create a proletarian magazine simply because they will never be able to create a proletarian art. What they have succeeded in was to create a proletarian newspaper and therein lies their greatest merit.

They brought the newspaper to the peasant, and even to the illiterate. Of course, this part of our discussion deals more with education or propaganda, if you want, and not with art, but the matter is that everything is so chaotically mixed up in Russia that you can hardly separate one element from another.

Anybody who would busy himself with the question of Bolshevist art would face the necessity of a thorough study of Russian newspapers. There you will find a poem every day—of course a proletarian poem. And it was through

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the newspapers that I met a man who offered to my diary the most interesting pages.

The main reason for his admission into these pages is that he was one of the people who were making art in Russia. His duty it was to provide the "Izvestis" with a short poem every day. I met him on the occasion of a selection of his poems having been ordered to publication by the Soviet. So he came to me to consult me as to the cover of the volume. He was an amusing being, very lazy, with a mixed Ukrainian and Jewish accent in his Russian speech.

I told him plainly that his poems were not worth a cent. At first he swelled up, then his natural laziness took hold of him, and he sat down, fanning his wet forehead with a handkerchief.

"What do you understand?" he retorted. "Take for instance this line:

"And with the right foot of the Apostate
Shall you be, etc., etc."

Did you get it, "right foot"?

At the same time he was working on a new selection of his "Proletarian Songs" on which he had already been advanced 1000 roubles. This man was always hungry, looking for cheap food, and for a double income. I advised him to write a satirical poem, describing the life of a group of people, shipwrecked and marooned on a tenantless island, not wishing to give up their conventional habits, trying to introduce again the old society hierarchy and finally making up with the new forms of life and proclaiming the real "fraternity" and "liberty." I had to make the drawings, he was to provide the text. He started with immense rhymes. Finally, when the poem was ready, even the Soviet did not approve it. It was some poem, I should say.

He was raging. He figured out in advance the poem had to bring him in about 1000 roubles, and now he remained with nothing.

"Why don't you write in Jewish?" I suggested.

He thought ponderously and then sighed.

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"No, it wouldn't do. They have their own gang, and besides I am not a member of the Jewish Communist party."

He was a member of the Russian Communist party, so he told me, and when the mobilization was declared, he was the first not to go, of course. But he wrote a sixteen verse poem (two roubles per line) where ancient virtue was, etc., etc.

Russia is rich in poets. For every city has his Naoum Serdity (this was the fellow's name) and in translation it means something like "John the Angry."

In every city, you will come across a John Raging; James Wicked; Jack the Crosseyed; Peter Stubborn, and others.

All their names are shaped conformingly to the great and sonorous name of Demian Bedny (the Poor).

Who is Demian Bedny?

III.

Imagine a hale chap six feet and a half tall, with rather coarse features, alias Jack Dempsey, with his stumped nose, but red haired, a regular Russian Moujik (for he is one of the genuine Russians who are in the press) always smiling with a sort of natural bonhomie, speaking a voice ranging at least three octaves and picking up preferentially the lower registers—and you will have before you the Russian official Orpheus whose fame is next to none but Lenin's and Trotski's. Indeed it is legendary and reached the remotest nooks of the vast Russian Republic. He will forever remain the personification of the so-called proletarian poetry, whatever the future trend of the Russian thought may be.

I saw him the first time on a particular occasion. He went to cash a money order of 10,000 roubles, signed by Eremeiev for one of his selections of fables. It was in July, 1918, and the sum was huge for a poor literatus, even taking for granted the depreciation of Russian money, for a pound of bread cost then 5 roubles, and the average salary of any official was 650 roubles (Trotski's official salary was 850 roubles).

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I remember very clearly to have wondered how the man who so eloquently chanted the equality of mankind, and so sneeringly jeered at the greediness of the clergy (clergy was his hobby) cashed every two weeks a check of at least 10,000 roubles. He obviously needed fresh forces to attack the foes of the newly-born Republic. His specialty was the fable; he is very witty, indeed; his rhymes are always unexpectedly dashing and full of Slavonic humor. But so are also the "capitalistic" fables. La Fontaine is not worse than Demian Bedny. The latter took Krylov's fables for a model, but instead of dealing with lions, foxes and wolves, he deals with profiteers, clergy, capitalists and military reactionaries.

This is the only innovation. Of course, the fable has greatly gained in vividness, but where is a new era in art? Where is the great proletarian poetry, the so much talked about new Homers that have to reappear with the rebuilding of a truly folk-state? I do not see and I defy anybody to tell me where and what is such a thing as proletarian art.

So much for Demian Bedny. He is probably still singing his lyrics, cashing his checks and picking his teeth after a goodly meal in the capital; no doubt he was exempted from the draft when the critical moment of foreign invasion had come; he was "needed" as an official troubadour to invigorate the reserve army and the mass of the peasantry.

IV.

Casting a cursory glance at the modern Russian letters and art, one is amazed to see nothing but presumptiousness, self-conceit, and a marked tendency to teach the "rotten West." New principles are announced; a new art is proclaimed. New papers, new periodicals, new theatres are coming one after another in the devilish round of the checkered game of events. With the arrival of the Bolsheviki all the former papers would be suspended, their plants declared common property, and different "Izvestia," "Pravda," "Red Flag," "Poverty" beginning to appear, giving a

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chance to the former newspaper-men to supply all these papers with the same stale stuff without even changing its form. Then would appear a local variety of Demian Bedny and offer his masterpieces to common enjoying. But as the average sojourn of the Bolsheviki in a city was no longer then three to four months, the regular poetic army would be afraid to appear openly and help to create "the new art." But the reiterated arrival of the Bolsheviki would inspire hope in every one as to the durability of their Government. Then the young poets would get out to the surface and with their inherent fervor and with that Russian trait of carrying ad absurdum anything in the world they would inaugurate the "new epoch."

In 1919 I was quite intimate with one of those futuristic circles of young Russian poets who called themselves "The green lamps." They used to meet once in a while and rhythmically chanting and swinging their bodies to the cadence they produced arrant rubbish, under the sauce of "futuristic incomprehensibility." Four lines have I retained in my memory, which I translate here:

"My heart is a rooming house,
My heart is a street,
Oh, how painfully resounds there,
The echo of feet."

Two months later the author of these lines contributed to the "Isvestia" a proletarian poem every day.

What is going on in the soul of a man, especially a man of art, is very hard to say; but with little risk one can assume that such men like Gorki, Alexander Block or Valerian Brusov have nothing against the Communist Government and are ready to lend their lyre to the new needs, to say the least. Even such a startling metamorphose as underwent by Jer. Jasinski, famous novelist, who in 1918, in his eighties, suddenly made a declaration that he is with the Bolsheviki, and aroused a storm of indignation in the "white" press—even such personalities (quite a few) are undoubtedly half sincerely devoted to the new order of things. As

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for the young generation of poets, as I said before, here we have the famous Russian trait of passionate serving to anything which is taken for granted.

V.

Persons apart, what is the modern Russian art by itself? What is the acquisite of the Bolshevist art?

Nil—plainly and briefly.

There is no proletarian art in Russia. There is a lachrimous and false art exercised by willful craftsmen who suddenly saw the old means of making a living slip from beneath their feet and who saw themselves constrained to tune up their cymbals to another tone. This was the case of the majority. Such people like Gorki had only to make a slight deplacing to the left; such great geniuses like Brusov, Block or Sollogub had absolutely nothing to do; for their domain was pure art, purest art and nothing else, and so it remained now; for art is eternal. Forms may change, thoughts may shift, but beauty is everlasting.

It did not take Brusov a painful mental process to publish a new almanac "The Scythians" where vigor, crude elements and audacious flight of primordial valliance was chanted. It struck the popular tone, it is true, it chimed wonderfully with the general work of vigorous destruction which was going on; in brief, it was a wonderful piece of revolutionary production; but so had also been Walt Whitman's, Emile Verhearn's. And for those who know the constant tone of Block's poetry the jump from his esthetic laconism to his tremendous bolshevist poem "Twelve" was not so striking.

For the benefit of all the foreigners who probably never heard his name, let us say that Block is probably the greatest poet of Russia of our days. This man was one of the first to declare himself a socialist of the left wing immediately after the Bolshevist revolution. And I should say there was no other name who gave so much of a prestige to the new movement as this one. And he proved his honesty and

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faith pinned in him by dying from starvation last year.

For the younger generation there was no stronger argument than "Al. Block is with the communists."

In 1918 he published a poem "Twelve" which, in my estimation, is one of the greatest productions of Russian poetry. It describes and glorifies the exploits of twelve Red guards. No dark colors are spared to paint these figures; they are coarse, commonplace, brutal, knowing no human and divine laws, genuine brutes of Russian species with carnivorous instincts acquired during the war. These people set out to the new war declared against the bourgeoisie, capitalist, oppressors of the working class, boasting:

"To spite the suckers—bourgeois
We'll blow up with universal arson."

The poem, in a wonderful, unmatched-yet manner, shows the softening of these brutal characters, their turbulent lives and the final vision in the appearance of Christ, who, hoisting the bloody red banner, leads them forward:

In a wreath of white roses,
Christ—Christ himself was there.

Call it whatever you want—sacrilege, blasphemy (the idea of hinting the kinship of brutal Krasnoarmeitsy to the twelve apostles!)—but after all is not this the same hidden meaning of, say Bret Harte's "The Outcast of Poker Flat"?

"Twelve" must be read to be admired. And once read it leaves a glowing impression of something meteorical, something gigantic which purifies your soul.

Once more what is there of proletarian art? If glorification of oppressed, if depicting the slums, if an invective against unjustice of blood-sucking instincts of capitalism is proletarian art—then the best examples of the world literature since Moses, Christ, Confucius till Dostojevski, Tolstoi, Hauptmann, Thackeray, are proletarian art.

There has never been and never will be such thing like proletarian art, in spite of whatever Lunacharski says, because of all things in the world art is the most sectional.

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Art is a production of a certain group of people and not of the whole nation.

Undoubtedly this group having congenial traits—anthropologic, radical, psychologic—with the whole nation may sometimes be (and often is) an interpreter in art of the nation's ideals. But there are plenty of groups which are not, even do not care to rise above the interests of their particular group. Needless to say that the greatest masterpieces have been written in such a sectional manner which later on became not only national but international.

Art may be a reverberation of particular economic conditions; but never will a quick and forced change of those conditions affect art immediately. Art is a product of many intrinsic powers; only literary charlatans immediately resound to a sudden change of conditions, and like cock-wanes turn their face to the wind's side. This was the case with Russia.

There could be only two solutions of the problem: proletarian art is art created either for the people or by the people. The first was nothing but a storm in a glass of water, for who does not know that art was always for the people?

The only thing which could be done here would be to open the museums for public use, to give away newspapers free, to give free theatrical performances, etc. This was done, but even so, the museums and galleries in this country are more accessible to the free usage of the people as over there in Russia.

This was not exactly what the Bolsheviki aimed at; their aim is always "epater le monde." So on the stage was put problem of "art created by the people."

This indeed was something new. The perspective of hooking out a new Homer of their own, or at least a Pindar was very alluring. Offices were established and a universal call extended to the people to write, to strain their brains, to exercise their mental power, and then maybe something worth while will be produced. Just a couple of offices—a

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couple of officials—a book to check up any manuscripts "from the people" which might have come in, and the problem of "art by people" is solved.

As I was in charge of the "artistic" department, I was handed over scores of manuscripts. They were all very poor, although their genuine popular origin could not be doubted, as I saw in person the people who handed in the manuscripts.

Imagine Homer led in by his guide-boy into an office to check up his Odyssy and wait for an answer from the local Soviet as to the acceptability of his manuscript! The idea fell flat anyhow.

The only good result it had was that it made some people learn or try to learn to write. But the real laurels were reaped by such people like Naoum Serdity who tuned up their ukulele (a lyre would be too unappropriate an expression) to the popular vein.

I do not know whether the Bolsheviki still persist in their presumptuous desire to teach the world in all respects—and I do not know what is their attitude assumed toward art and letters—but I know that the idea of proletarian art was the first to fall to pieces as nonsense, as a misunderstanding which brought to light more ridiculous things than have ever been written before. To its credit one thing may be ascribed; it clearly showed that even in a "proletarian state" there can be no such thing as proletarian art. There can be proletarian railroads, mines, plants, proletarian economics, but no proletarian art.

Let us be thankful to the Bolsheviki for this experiment although they have done everything to not let the moral become too clean.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(2) ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

By POLIS

PERHAPS some of you young people have wondered who picked out Robert M. LaFollette to be head of the new Radical bloc just forming in the Senate. Nobody picked him. He just growed. For a long time he himself composed in its entirety the Radical bloc in the Senate. He was known widely and derisively as "the lone man of the Senate." Then Clapp and Cummins joined him and he became known as "the Progressive bloc of the Senate." Clapp has gone because of too much conservatism, and so has Cummins, but LaFollete grows more radical every hour and is now at the head of regular radicals, some of whom, like Shipstead and Brookhart, are almost more radical than he. I say almost, because they haven't succeeded.

The statement that LaFollette has "grown" more radical every hour should be amended. He has merely shown more of his radicalism as his feeling of security has grown. He is of a French Revolutionary type of mind, and in my opinion is secretly of the anarchist-atheist type. This opinion is derived not only from a close personal study of LaFollette for nearly twenty years, but from the veiled hints in his own autobiography. In saying all this I mean nothing to LaFollette's discredit. He was an early admirer and enthusiast for Robert G. Ingersoll and was led by him into further and deeper studies than Ingersoll's own. As for the anarchism, there are different degrees of anarchism from that of Emerson and Theoreau to that of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. Anarchism of the philosophical type has been professed by many great sages and has no relation what-

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ever, except in the bonehead popular mind, to bomb-throwing.

But LaFollette, if he entertains these secret tendencies, at any rate had the sense to see that their public proclamation would end his career as a Republican politician, a thing he had determined to be from the beginning of his manhood. He fought for his ideas by degrees and without proclaiming any philosophy was a radical from the start. In every public office he held or fought for he was a radical in incidentals and on unspoken principles, and addressed himself immediately to the reform at hand, whether it was as District Attorney of Dane County or United States Senator from Wisconsin, defeated candidate for Governor or stubborn candidate for the Presidency. If there was anything of opportunism in all this, it was no such opportunism as that of Roosevelt, who announced as his policy that he would fight for the reform that seemed nearest and always ahead of the crowd. There was always observable about LaFollette an intensity of principle which stopped short only of a clear declaration of his full philosophy. Roosevelt frankly announced that he considered victory at election an important part of every reform program, while LaFollette seemed almost to court defeat at election in the belief that such defeats would lead to a more smashing victory in the long run. Events vindicated both of them, but in LaFollette's case the ultimate victory was more spectacular, if it came at all.

LaFollette was actually helped by his grim and repellent personality. For a few years it defeated him for office, but once he had gotten the people of Wisconsin to believe in him utterly, his formidable and ugly appearance and his lack of all the graces actually added to his personal strength. As Governor he obliterated the old machine, reduced the Democratic Party to a vermiform appendix, made the University of Wisconsin a power in politics and a text-book on sociology, made the farmer king pin, depressed the horns of the mighty, and exalted them of low degree. With these

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visible results before them, it mattered little to the people of Wisconsin that this Hercules was a little man with an angry face and a repulsive manner who sought to make no man his friend, who never made an interesting speech and never talked less than four hours. For those four hours, with the S. R. O. sign hanging out, men and women would stand at the back of halls hanging on every word of the driest speaker that ever lived while he unrolled hour after hour of statistics to them in a painful voice, to go home cheering for Fighting Bob.

In all history there has never been a parallel for him in this respect except Jean Paul Marat, the People's Friend. To those who know the real Marat this is the highest compliment that could be paid, but even Marat was often eloquent and LaFollette never was.

Yet at college he won oratorical prizes, as Robespierre won poetical prizes and prizes for high-flown essays. His success in this line was so great that he contemplated the stage as a career, being largely incited thereto by Lawrence Barrett's praise of his prize essay on Iago. But Fighting Bob was also Little Bob, and the stage is no place for Shorty.

He had no schooling worth mentioning, and got into the University of Wisconsin because the faculty saw his ability and reflected that he would some day bring credit on the institution. His tuition was free, but he has repaid the debt a thousandfold. Today it is chiefly known as LaFollette's alma mater and the tool-house of his ideas.

As for his becoming a Republican politician, that was largely a matter of necessity. If he really had any stage ability, it had to be stifled and it only appeared in his daughter Fola. He had to support a widowed mother and a lot of younger brothers and sisters, and he had no money to do it with. He got six months' schooling at law and then hung out his shingle, but he could not wait for clients, so he decided to be District Attorney of Dane County, a job which paid $800 a year and $50 expenses. The county

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boss laughed at the idea, but LaFollette won the nomination and election.

As District Attorney he cleaned out the local abuses and ran for Congress on a platform threatening to do away with the rape of land and lumber from the Indians by the rich lumberman and railroads. He was warned that he was committing political suicide, and all the bosses were against him, but he was elected three times and was only beaten in the great Democratic national landslide of 1890. Even then he ran ahead of his ticket, while McKinley and Cannon were beaten.

His career as Governor, in which he fought the railroads to a standstill, forced a revaluation of their property and drove them out of politics, is well remembered, but it is not so well remembered that at least twice before he was nominated he came to the State conventions with the necessary plurality and that each time the bosses stole his delegates away from him. His final and crushing victory, in which the bosses and the capitalists could only muster a handful of votes against him, was one of the evidences already referred to that his policy of courting defeat sometimes worked out better than Roosevelt's plan of pioneering for reform but always with an eye on victory.

When he entered the Senate in 1905 a radical was a thing unknown. Two years later President Roosevelt was able to say of himself with irony, "I should be very sorry to be thought a radical," and be cheered to the echo by a laughing crowd which believed that it too was made up of radicals. Senator Dolliver was the extreme type of radical in the upper chamber, though today, like Clapp and Cummins, he would be looked on as a cold conservative open to reason.

Mind you, by this time LaFollette had all the State of Wisconsin following in his train, including all that was virile in the Democratic and Socialist Parties as well as the Republican. But to the nation at large this sort of radicalism was unknown. It knew no radicalism deeper than Roosevelt's or Bryan's. If anybody prophesied the elec-

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tion of a Ladd or a Shipstead to the Senate, he was doubtless laughed at as an eater of goose food. Here, however, in the beginning days of December, seventeen years ago, was the visible presence of citizen Jean Paul LaFollette, Friend of the People, and looking hardly less ominous than had citizen Robert Marion Marat in the French Convention one hundred and twelve years before.

The Senate hardly knew how to treat him, but of one thing it was sure—it did not have to treat him seriously. He was a joke, who wanted to hang all rich men to lamp-posts. It was safe to have fun with a guy like that. Even so had that earlier body of French statesmen decided that Marat was a comic sort of character until the dagger of Charlotte Corday enlightened them. Their Republican successes gave LaFollette a seat on the Democratic side, tried to get the Democrats to take him into their caucus, and appointed him to the Committee on Potomac River Flats.

The fairies denied LaFollette a sense of humor. When he received the usual letter from Senator Hale, the Republican floor leader, asking him what committee he wanted to be appointed on, he took it seriously and replied indicating as his preference the Committee on Interstate Commerce. It was only later that he made the same discovery about Hale's letter that Secretary of the Navy Gibson made about a battle frigate: "Why, the darn thing's hollow."

Nevertheless, with his usual industry, he started to reform and obliterate the Potomac River Flats until he found out that the committee had never held a meeting or rendered a report in all its lifetime.

At last the little man from Wisconsin perceived that this was the Republican idea of a joke. He did not purpose to fall for it or stand for it. He proposed to make the Republicans sick of it. At the end of seventeen years I am quite convinced that he has succeeded in that purpose. Within three months after he had taken the oath he got up and delivered one of those regular old four-hour speeches of his against the railroads, for all the world as if Senator Hale

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had granted his request and made him a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee. The Republicans left the chamber, stopping their ears. This amusing little trick they continued to play right along throughout LaFollette's Senatorial career, not noticing that it had no effect on public opinion except to make LaFollette stronger. Occasionally he would allude to it himself so as to get it in the Congressional Record, as by way of saying, "The Senators from Wall Street have obeyed their orders from New York and left the chamber, but the people are still here and listen to me," a remark in the very style of diction of Jean Paul Marat as well as in his mode of thought.

The earlier part of LaFollette's career has been sketched thus amply for the sake of showing the consistency of his course and the straightness of his wake. It is hardly necessary to go over the rest of it, since it is fresh in the minds of such newspaper readers as would take the trouble to read thus far in an article like this. Of course he was a pro-German and a Copperhead; with his background of principle he could no more be anything else than Clement L. Vallandigham could. But the charges of disloyalty brought against him by the Minnesota Public Safety Commission were dismissed in the Senate in January, 1919, by a vote of 50 to 21. The war was then practically over and all the evidence was in the Senate's hands. The speech on which the charges were based was one of the worst bits of evidence against LaFollette in existence, a speech delivered before the Non-Partisan League at St. Paul. One difficulty with curbing this sort of offence is that the national temperament is strongly opposed to severe punishment for the expression of an opinion, though in theory our laws on this subject are stricter than those of any European, or at least Continental government.

Gradually there collected around him a group of radicals like himself. The older Senators merely saw in them, as they had seen in LaFollette, a medicine show attracting hoi-polloi with its act in order to sell its pills. Spooner left the

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Senate and Aldrich gave up the leadership. Hale, Platt of Connecticut, and Allison, died of sheer shame and vexation. Lodge was younger and Penrose tougher, and neither had tasted the delights of real leadership before. So they weathered the storm, but all the time the radical bloc kept on forming around LaFollette until the original coral insect had formed a coral reef, mighty dangerous to all navigation that wasn't protected by some lofty light-house from the land.

In 1908 he got twenty-eight votes for the Presidential nomination in the Republican National Convention, and he has been a candidate ever since, generally with not much over that first figure. The kernel of the nut consists of the twenty-four votes of Wisconsin, though the Non-Partisan League has frequently boosted his vote from North Dakota and other states. There has never been a chance, however, of his getting the nomination. The delegates from Wisconsin are generally University men who possess in full measure their candidate's capacity for getting himself disliked. The moment one of them appears on the platform of the convention with his black hair slicked and greased, his prominent Oriental nose sticking out from under his horn-rimmed glasses, and his pale face pimpled and sweating, while his gums are bared in a snarl of hate and his high voice rises not so much in praise of LaFollette as in determination to regard every interruption as a martyrization anew of the Sacred Ark, the convention evinces its distaste and disgust in every sound between a megaphone yell and a bray. The Wisconsin delegation has formed the habit of withdrawing from the convention and going home after the first ballot, but nobody objects. The convention usually seems to wish it had quit before temporary organization was effected. The last time LaFollette was visibly inclined to become the Presidential candidate of the Farmer-Labor Party, which would have been only too glad to have him, but the saving common sense which has made him join the Republican Party before he was of age, though forever op-

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posed to its principles, prevailed and kept him still a nominal member of the party whose bane he has been.

His present scheme of a radical bloc will not differ much from his previous agitations except in form. It is true, he invites other parties to join with his own fragment of the Republican Party, but there never has been a time when he could not count on support from the radical segment of the democracy. As for the Farmer-Labor and Non-Partisan League Senators, they were elected by Republican votes, and the League members sit in the Republican caucus. La-Follette merely strips off the mask, that is all. He cannot make himself or Brookhart any less Republican than they are. It was LaFollette especially that President Wilson had in mind when he told how "a little group of wilful men" had prevented him from arming American merchantmen. It is perhaps as good a description of LaFollette's radical bloc today as it was then.

It must not be forgotten that LaFollette's strength has never been wholly Republican. In Wisconsin you can vote in the other fellow's primary, and the Democrats and Socialists have formed the habit of voting in the Republican primaries for LaFollette. This is because since LaFollette wrecked the Democratic Party its candidates have generally been conservative, to say the least, and as there are never any fights in the Socialist primary the Socialist leaders have no interest in getting the vote out except to see that enough ballots are cast to retain the party's legal standing. Even their leaders themselves have admitted to me that when La Follette has appeared to be in danger they have entered the Republican primary and voted for him. As for the Democratic Party, in the days of William F. Vilas it was a power, but LaFollette crushed it by showing up its alliance with the corporations. It is now only a shell.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(2) JAMES M. COX

By DEMOS

THOSE who say that the nomination of James M. Cox for President in 1924 is impossible, forget that they said the same thing in 1920, even to the time when the Convention was in session. They are not well enough acquainted with Cox. They know he is not a great man, and they formed a habit of regarding him lightly in 1920 when he ran for President hopelessly and mainly on the side lines. A little reflection should remind them that it was the Democratic campaign that was comic, not Cox, whose contributions to the world's knowledge were at least as important as Harding's. Harding was not elected in that campaign, nor was Cox defeated; it was Wilson who was defeated, and anybody running on the Republican ticket would have received at least the same plurality as did Harding, though probably not much more. Harding and Cox were shadows, fighting in a fog; neither was much regarded, Cox less than Harding because it was evident that he was beaten from the start. If anybody had been enough interested to study him, certain elements of strength in his political character would have become evident. They are permanent, not confined to the time in which he was nominated, and will be as much in evidence in 1924 as in 1920. So the natural disposition to declare Cox a probable also-ran should be curbed; let your handkerchief stifle your merriment, that you may have no mistaken smiles to be sorry for. And this, mind you, is no prediction that he will be nominated and no assertion that he will figure prominently in the balloting; it is too early to say that of him or any other Democrat; it is merely a warning not to predict the contrary with too much confidence.

In February, 1920, at a certain council of political writ-

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ers, the question was raised, "Who will be the Democratic nominee this year?" As a matter of idle interest, each registered his opinion. McAdoo was the favorite, with Wilson next. There was one vote for Palmer. The present writer, last to be asked, responded, "Cox of Ohio." Everybody laughed, and several asked with tolerant amusement whether the writer was not overdoing his alleged jokes, whether in fact he set any limit to his ideas of proper subjects for jesting. At San Francisco, while the balloting was actually in progress, William J. Bryan telegraphed to his syndicate of newspapers that Cox was eliminated, out of the running. When the Convention opened several of the correspondents telegraphed with surprise that Cox actually seemed to be a serious candidate.

Now Cox's elements of strength then are still "good," in the poker sense. The chief element then was a negative one, which was that no other candidate could command the necessary number of votes to nominate. Paraphrasing the late Thomas C. Platt, the situation was bound to taper down to Jim. But there were positive elements. One was that the Democrats needed Ohio and, in any normal year, could have got it with Cox against Harding, Cox had carried his primaries, whereas Harding appeared at Chicago with a delegation split between himself and Wood. The Ohio primaries were a moral defeat for Harding. When Cox began his campaign for the nomination it was not known, of course, that Harding would be nominated, but it was still true that the Democrats needed Ohio and that that State had half-formed a habit of going Democratic, because of a change in the character of the voting population not necessary to be examined now. Cox was the most popular Democrat in the State; he had been elected Governor three times, and even had with him such unusual elements, for a Democrat, as the veteran Union soldiers.

He had an unimpeachable record as Governor; he stood for something. His policy in the Governorship was to show no favoritism either to capital or labor, to make the path of the disloyal and the seditious in war time a hard one to

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travel, to enforce the laws whether he approved of them or not, and to do all he could for the industrial development and internal improvement of the State. The wets were for him because he was known to be against prohibition; but the drys could not well find fault with him, because in spite of his opinions he strictly enforced the liquor laws and made Sunday observance, for example, a real thing even in Cincinnati, a thing theretofore supposed to be impossible. It was an attitude such as Governor Miller, who has proclaimed on every occasion that he does not believe in prohibition, took in New York, though Cox's attitude had far more punch in it than had Miller's. In short, Cox presented a strong face to everybody that knew anything about him. In Ohio they called him "Fighting Jimmy," and yet he knew when to keep his mouth shut. Once when some legislators came to him asking him to recommend some particularly ticklish legislation, he replied, "My mother taught me never to carry a polecat in my pocket."

He was satisfactory to the bosses. Murphy, Brennan, and Taggart talked the candidates over at French Lick. They did not know much about him, but Cox was always the card who came face up after all the others had been turned down. The situation tapered down to Jim. At the same time, he satisfied the Wilson faction better than either Palmer, McAdoo or any other candidate, because on no other candidate could the Wilsonites be nominated, and Cox was as strongly for the League of Nations as Wilson himself. It was known then, and became still more evident during the campaign, that Cox, in spite of this, would be his own President, not Wilson's, though he would certainly treat Wilson as dean of the party. But he had never been any man's man in Ohio, and in fact it is not in his nature. The bosses did not expect to own him, but they knew that they could get a fair deal from him.

Cox has plunged into his campaign for renomination with the League of Nations between his teeth. He would have that as the main issue, and he brought that out when he launched this new campaign in his speech at Dayton a year

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ago. Since then he has been to Europe and has come back impressed with the need for helping in rebuilding Europe. It need not be said that he has gone into his pocket to prove his sincerity, for Cox is a charitable man and has seen distress at first hand. He is a politician to his finger tips, as the polecat story indicates, but my conclusion is that his heart really is in this business of international co-operation and that though he is strong for the League of Nations it is not because he got the idea from Wilson.

As for Cox's limitations, it has been previously mentioned herein that he is not great. However, the Democrats will have to get along without a great man this time, always supposing that Wilson is not a candidate. Cox is a keen business man, self-educated, risen from farm boy and country school teacher to millionaire, and with a Middle Western aura. Like the rest of the Middle Westerners, he thought at first that the war was something like a war between the planet Mars and the sun, so far as the United States is concerned. When we got into it, like the rest of the Middle Westerners, he promptly turned to in support of the Government and made a war record that stood a few inches higher than most of the other Governors in his section. His mind is still Middle Western and not to be called universal or catholic, but he has been studying hard and has discovered that our period of isolation is at an end. In that he is much ahead of a good many Middle Westerners, and shows an elasticity and capability of growth that was observtime when his horizon was confined entirely to the city of able before—in fact, in every step of his career from the Dayton and environs.

He will be Middle Western to the end of his days, but he has annexed the rest of the world to his mental geography, and will grow more and more aware of his annexations as time goes on, for he has a power of growth though a limited one. He may be still, as he used to be, more Fighting Jimmy than Thoughtful Jimmy, but he is a hard student and that sometimes makes up for the lack of that natural-born intellectuality that most of us think we have

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and that a few of us have. He is much more than an average American, but the natural cast of his mind is that of one, and that keeps him close to the soil and retains for him the sympathy of the rest.

Labor is generally not unfriendly to him. He has stopped a mob demonstration in his day, but only by reasoning with the strikers and showing them how unreasonable their attitude was. In the case of another he refused to permit the use of troops, and the demonstration became entirely peaceful. The demonstrators were merely blowing off steam, and Cox's refusal to interfere until an overt act had been committed prevented what almost certainly would have ended in bloodshed.

The Anti-Saloon League has always been against him, most furiously against him, but has never been able to prevent his election as Governor of Ohio. Its opposition was based on his refusal to take orders from them when they laid down legislative programs for him to recommend or support. As has been said, he is not a believer in Prohibition. But when running for President he said he would enforce the liquor laws, and his record as Governor proves that he would have done so. In fact, the Wets are rather up against it in this particular. The woods are full of men like President Harding, ex-Governor Miller, and, to descend from the sublime slightly, Mayor Hylan, who do not believe in prohibition and yet do all they can to enforce the laws. Where is a poor Wet to find a good law-breaking President or Governor? And as for the Drys, what difference does it make to them whether a Governor is personally entertaining a pious opinion against prohibition or not when you can't distinguish between his way of enforcing the law and that of a pronounced Dry who is Governor in some other State?

The Anti-Saloon League in politics is a different thing. It is an organization with a program, and a man may be a perfectly good Prohibitionist and not agree with all its schedules. Governor Cox, who is not at all a perfectly good Prohibitionist, did not agree with their proposed legisla-

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tion and refused to be bullied. Yet he not only enforced the liquor laws as they stood, but actually made proposals for some additional liquor legislation himself, and boasts that he put through the only Sunday observance law that ever worked successfully in Ohio.

There would be nothing about his appearance, if he were elected, that would add to the beauty and majesty of the Presidency. He does not, as was said of Champ Clark by his boomers in 1912, "look like a President." But then Clark would not have acted much like a President if he had been elected; and there is reason to believe that some of those old portrait painters have fooled us a little about the impressiveness of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the others. He looks pretty "average." But this is running beyond the purpose of this article, which does not concede his election. Of all the Democratic candidates, he is the best politician, and they reckon ill who leave him out of the first ballot, anyway.

AN IMMORTALITY

By Louis Zukofsky

Though we shall pass with the dawn's new light,
Or in the blinding glare of the sun,
Or in a peace-flooded hour of night.

It matters not, it is all one.
Though we may pass and though none remember,
The thread will ever be as spun.

For what the slowly purpling ember
Has been to lighted tongues of flame,
And the still dead to the sound of a name.

We shall have been to the weaving of things.
We shall have lived to live on, old sources
For the new flow of hastening springs:

Or be sands worn while the river courses,
Rain-pearls in the swift fall of showers;
As change within the change of forces—

White sap that climbs the stems of flowers,
Wave forms receding endlessly
In the welter of a lighted sea.

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THE WOMAN VOTER AND A THIRD PARTY

By ELIZABETH LANGHORNE LEWIS

THERE are birth tremors in the body politic. From all points come indications of relaxation in certain directions and of concentrated effort in others. Party lines are falling, new cleavage is apparent. Special interests keep up their accustomed clamor for recognition, veiled in more or less effective camouflage; Labor is demanding leadership; Farmers as basic providers want better conditions and fairer wages for production; Socialists—sane and otherwise—want nationalization of public utilities; some are crying out for a Single Tax as a rectifier of all the abuses of distribution; all—having a glimmering perception that some change is needful and possible in the administration of the commonweal and that co-operation is the dominant note of civilization. The interests of transportation are loudly demanding first place in all administrative projects; taxation by various methods, and contorted application is convulsing the general situation; subsidies, and bonuses ask for special favors which revolt the common sense of impartiality; exorbitant tariff measures are piling high the walls which divide us from the good will of outsiders, and focus the powers of extortion within their circle; national egoism, masquerading as patriotism, glorifying itself as "Americanization," drapes itself in the folds of Old Glory and proclaims pre-eminence.

To some of us it seems more a vision of bars than of stars.

And this question of Americanization is interwoven with the looming question of immigration; how far can we reasonably be hospitable to those aspirants for citizenship in our country? Do we propose a democracy or a mob? What

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shall be our relations to the other inhabitants of the planet? Shall we dwell with them in amity and understanding, borrowing from them their best ideals and lending ours in return? Co-operating in a great human scheme for peace and good will, or, refusing the alliances necessitated, by such co-operation, pursue a selfish course of isolation which tremendously retards the achievement of a genuine civilization?

All these are possible policies; and political parties exist for the purpose of embodying principles into policies and carrying policies to their fulfillment by means efficient and preferably straight.

Are our existing parties capable of this fulfillment?

As we survey the long road from 1789 to 1923, the nearly two hundred years of our national life, we see the evolution of the policies which have guided us—policies of adjustment to developing needs. At first a general unity of purpose made necessary by stringent threatening of new and untried conditions. Yet underneath the surface calm, certain latentcies began to manifest themselves which some years after produced the current of contrary opinion that flow into the party lines of today. In our national youth, when the Baby Elephant and the Colt the Foal of an Ass, ambled amicably abreast in the van of the Democratic-Republican party there was no premonition that their separation would later divide the broad political pasture into two hotly contested fields. Yet, they follow the usual rule of the instability of the homogeneous; today they are twain, although the differences between them are verbally indiscernible. They both claim the same basic principles, notwithstanding that the Federalist, Whig-Republican ancestry of the one shows its strain in centralization and the democratic proclivities of the other tend to individualism. These strains and proclivities have somehow hardened into the tense lines of division which mark our two big parties today. To some of us, their mutual acrimony and clamor seem utterly unjustifiable, and more attributable to a love of

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spoils and a greediness for patronage than to any genuine cleavage of principle.

Of course, there have been and are lesser parties; some like vanishing stars on the political horizon; others, approaching and enlarging luminaries that seem to promise us a clearer and steadier light on our upward pathway. The basic claims of economic interest; the developing self-consciousness of the producers and makers are creating tendencies that must crystallize into organization.

We are approaching the condition of several of the popular governments of Europe where diverse tendencies solidify into a number of parties, more or less extensive whose kaleidoscopic combinations variously affect legislation. Why not? A developing complexity of mind and pursuit seem to render such a condition inevitable. A changing aspect of opinion must follow the trend of changing conditions. Adjustment is a vitally necessary process.

But will it not be possible to group certain congenial tendencies into a third party, instead of dissipating them into a number of smaller groups? After all, parties owe their existence to certain broad tendencies of human opinion and follow, like the electric current, the positive and the negative lines of thought. It is not conceivable that at the present hour we are generally divisible into those who visualizing new possibilities and having faith in the potential goodness of mankind, dare break down old barriers and establish more generous accord and relationship with each other, and those may be excusably cautious conservatives who, remembering the hard-won positions already secured, fear to jeopardize them by a liberalism that might degenerate into laxity and therefore invoke all the powers of tradition and bureaucracy to stabilize unchangeably what has been won? The real cleavage is between adventure and fixity. The minor adjustments arrange themselves. Certainly the old party badges have blurred outlines, and are no longer distinguishable. Of this the autumn elections gave incontrovertible proofs. We have Free Trade Re-

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publicans and Protectionist Democrats; we have acrid prophets of indivisualism in the West as well as in the South; we have adherents of gloomy insolation, die-hards for secluded back-waters, and we have advocates for world brotherhood and the open sea. The time has come to call a division.

In this division, maybe the viewpoint of a woman voter possesses value. *She* has a different perspective in that, although an interested citizen, she has hitherto enjoyed the landscape from the top of the fence, having been forbidden to drop on either side. She has no political debts, and as a youth newly come to majority, she is bound by no precedents. The prospect stretches wide and far before her, and its salients strike her fresh vision with a force which a jaded survey fails to experience.

Well: the things that strike her as the *desiderata* of government are the magnified items of daily living. She describes the necessity of an abode—a taut house, sanitary and well equipped with necessary furnishings for safety and comfort. This may be translated into its larger equivalent of a state; constitutional liberty; wise legislation, and efficient and economic administration. The well being of its occupants deserves highest consideration. This again logically demands sound health provisions, precluding child labor and overcrowding; demanding police regulation and prison reform; education, general and technical, embracing sound ideals of mutual responsibility and embodying the principles and practice of unselfish service for others. Further, the desirability of a good neighborhood. This last provision for a proper environment is to be interpreted internationally as a League For Peace; as an encouragement and aid to economic conferences and co-operation; as an abatement of tariff to the dimensions of revenue only—and a revenue administered *sans* favoritism and extravagance, in the common interest of the commonweal. Possibly even the beacon of Free Trade may shine not too remotely afar, as a desirable engine of good will and equitable exchange.

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These are some of the ends of government as they appear to the Woman Voter. She has observed the strong family likeness underlying parties of quite opposed pretensions—a likeness peculiarly manifest in their corruptions, and one which is alas! psychologically based on poor human greed and selfishness. She knows all that; experience has taught her not to hope too much, and to expect some rebuffs and retrogressions. But she has an unconquerable belief in a growing betterment, and she welcomes new experiments in the developing science of life.

Party *qua* party makes no appeal to her. She accepts the appraisement of the late Viscount Bryce.

"The more a party lives by the principles for which it stands, the more it subordinates its own aims to the strength and unity of the whole people, and the more it is guided by men who can recognize whatever may be sound in the views of their opponents, and prevent opposition from passing into enmity, the better will it serve the common interests of its own country." *

Parties are simply means to an end, and the party which provides the greatest, decentest and most effective means to the ends briefly suggested above will be the party of her choice, whatever its name may be. She is not afraid of a Third Party. She remembers the cleansing and expanding effects of third parties in the past even though they failed to land their nominees; and she is ready to welcome another, if its policies are honestly constructed toward the ends her maternal instincts command her to seek.

Doubtless the Sybilline Books contained just such prescriptions as those above enumerated. They are age-long instincts. At any rate, let those who rely on her vaunted conservatism for adherence to the parties that be, remember that in pursuance of the things that make for the peace and well being of the race—those children of hers—she is as dauntless and unafraid as "a filly on a headland, breasting the winds of March."

*Modern Democracies. MacMillan, 1921, Vol. I, p. 128.

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

By CHASE S. OSBORN

IT is one thing to marry a woman who has wealth for her money. It is another thing to marry a woman who has money for real honest-to-God love of the woman. The money may be used by her husband incidentally to promote the happiness and welfare of the wife, but action in this regard has to be of a nature so very delicate as to involve the very best there is in the human concept.

Another illustration: No guardian is justified in using the substance of his ward for any other purpose than the ward's well being. Justly there may be an honest charge for administration but it must be exactly honest, if there may be admitted degrees of trust probity.

What I am driving at is the mandatory powers provided by the League of Nations. Now I have been or was in favor of a League of Nations. I thought the United States should have entered the League as now constituted, with the right, as was granted, to withdraw whenever the League in its dominant attitudes did not play fair. I even thought we could have dominated and directed the League at the first in the right way. But is it or is it not too late now? Shall it not be demanded first that the Giants of the League, having their territories guaranteed as of status quo and gaily assuming mandatories, shall prove clearly they have not married the woman for her money; have not assumed wardship in order to malappropriate the trust funds?

I am very particularly thinking of the attitude and actual practice of Great Britain, France and Japan and I have exactly in mind Iraq and Mosul Oil Fields, the Nauru phosphate deposits, the extensive concessions got by France in

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the illegitimate Angora treaty and other similar natural values. It can be argued successfully I think that these riches are world necessities and belong to the world, but the logic fails in practice when they are permitted to be absorbed by a small group of financiers who dole them to the people of the world at a big price per dole. And if we are to assume that the oil of Mosul does not belong to the Emir Feisul and his people in whose territory it is, what are we going to do about the oil in Russia, Mexico, America and Roumania? Not to speak of Earth riches of all kinds everywhere? Just hold them by might?

The belief engenders that Great Britain is drifting out of the League. Likely? Marquis Theoldoti, Chairman of the Permanent Mandated Commission of the League, is a disagreeable person with a heart akin to that possessed by good Jan Smuts. The Marquis actually takes himself seriously. He is ridiculous enough to insist that the riches in the lands of undetermined belated peoples shall not have concern alone. He actually is of the opinion that the people must be honestly and humanly treated as minor wards. So at the last session of the League he made an Ass of himself and caused much consternation by calling attention to numerous offenses by the Big Boys of the League. As giving a line on his foolishness I will refer to the case of the phosphate deposits of Nauru and the manner of their exploitation and the treatment of Coolie (slave) labor in that connection. Theoldoti said things that caused John H. Harris, a staff man for that very great and fearless world journal, *The Manchester Guardian,* to investigate the Nauru case and expose it in a thorough article, and may we not regard it as an instance of what is going on that will kill the League of Nations unless the League is strong and humane enough to effectively intervene to stop such practices? Whether the League can outlaw these things and cure them in advance of the world's ascension to a higher plane of fraternity and unselfishness is the problem. Doubtful. In this America could help if our statesmen will think

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less in terms of Diplomacy and Safety First and more of Duty and Humanity.

Harris thinks the disclosures made to the League of Nations Assembly upon British mandate operations in Nauru and Samoa have revealed something like an international scandal which British public opinion should insist upon rectifying without delay. The fundamental principle of government in Nauru is absolutely non-British, the tripartite agreement on the phosphates is a violation, in spirit at least, of the Covenant, and, thirdly, the system of Chinese indentured labor would have been called slavery in 1904-6.

The Island of Nauru, or Pleasant Island, is one of the phosphate group known as the Gilberts. The phosphates in Nauru and in Ocean Island had become, prior to the war, the monopoly of a commercial company for the usual negligible payment to the natives, and the shareholders are now being bought out by the British, New Zealand, and Australian Governments for the nice little sum of £4,000,000 (Great Britain and Australia are to pay 42 per cent each and New Zealand 16 per cent). Nauru is a tiny speck in the Pacific, 5,000 acres in extent, somewhat smaller than Salford, and is occupied by nearly 2,000 people. When it is considered the private holders got it for nothing under the British flag it is atrocious for the Empire and Dominions in debt far deeper than the Plimsoll line, to do such a thing. Graft?

The agreement that the phosphates of Nauru must be a British monopoly, otherwise none would be available for them, is shown to be untenable by the fact that Nauru produces only 200,000 tons out of a total world output of 7,000,000 tons per annum. The League of Nations Covenant in clause 22 provides for "equal opportunities for trade and commerce of other members of the League." The monopoly of these Nauru phosphates obtained by Great Britain and the Antipodean Dominions is in the form of prior right of purchase at cost of production—in effect this means that only after Britain, New Zealand, and Australia have

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satisfied their needs for phosphates at a figure below market price is it permissible for other members of the League to purchase the phosphates at market price!

During the discussions upon the mandates in Geneva, both in the Assembly and in the Commissions, the disability imposed on States other than British with regard to the phosphates received very little attention (because there isn't enough phosphate there to be significent), but members showed the deepest concern with regard to the condition of Chinese labor both in Nauru and Samoa. The President of the Permanent Mandates Commission, the Marquis Theoldoti, had drawn the attention of the Council to these conditions in very forcible language. The responsibility of Great Britain for the condition and maintenance of this labor is clear, for not only is she a partner in the exploitation of the phosphates, but British colonial officials in Hong Kong are the intermediaries for making not only the agreements by the "importations and conditions of work." How many Chinese laborers have been imported recently it is difficult to say, but there appears to be a total on the two islands of Nauru and Samoa of not less than 1,000 and not more than 3,000. The Chinese are brought over in batches under an indenture of three years, and in Nauru, if not in Samoa, they appear to be shut up in compounds, much in the manner followed in the Kimberly, South African diamond field. The men are unaccompanied by women, and the Assembly was assured that steps are taken to keep them away from native women.

Apparently the total area of exploitation in Naura does not exceed a patch of 50 acres, within the confines of which are to be found the machinery of the shallow mines, the buildings necessary to the exploitation of the phosphate, and confined in this area are hundreds of male coolies without their women folk and with never a hope of liberty even in the tiny world of 5,000 acres beyond the walls of their compound, and in these conditions they must labor for three years.

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There was no suggestion before the Assembly of the League that any steps are being taken to discover other sources of labor. Indeed, the Governments concerned appear to be quite ready to defend this system as a "regrettable necessity." The question, therefore, arises how long this is to be tolerated. The Pacific Phosphate Company is to be bought out from Ocean and Nauru islands for a sum of £4,000,000 (fine graft) by a sinking fund covering principal and interest over a period of 50 years, and the total purchase price will not be liquidated until 1970. Presumably, therefore, it is proposed to continue these conditions of labor until 1970.

In Samoa the object of this Chinese labor is the production of copra (dried cocoanut), and the conditions are identical with those of Nauru, with the exception that it is not yet clear whether the rigid control of the Chinese coolies involves keeping them enclosed in compounds. Sir James Allen, when defending the system before the League Assembly, said: "The Chinese are kept by themselves as far as is possible to do so, and they are repatriated at the end of three years . . . They find it difficult in three years to learn enough of the Samoan language and Samoan customs to be associated in any close relationship, at any rate, with the Samoan women."

The uneasiness of the League of Nations with regard to the conditions under which the Chinese coolies are brought to and retained in the island of Nauru was voiced by the humane Marquis Theoldoti, chairman of the Permanent Mandated Commission, who, in his report, said: "It is, however, clear that, in spite of the guarantees incorporated in the mandate, the position of a Chinese coolie who is bound by a three-year contract, and who has been conveyed to a foreign land thousands of miles from his kith and kin, calls for the greatest care on the part of the administration of the Mandatory Powers."

But the third feature in the curious Nauru mandate continuing to quote liberally from Mr. Harris' report is the

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form of administration, which appears to make everything still more objectionable. The actual form of administration of Nauru is governed by certain agreements, of which the League has received no notification. Under these agreements Australia seems to be directly responsible for the administration for the first five years, then apparently Great Britain or New Zealand will take a turn. The local administration has been appointed by Australia, but all rights over the phosphates are "exercised by three Phosphate Commissioners, whose powers appear to be unlimited as regards everything relating to the undertaking which they manage."

That is a pretty strong passage in the report of the Permanent Mandate Commission, but the following is still more disquieting: "It is not clear what powers and means of control the Australian administration possesses with regard to this organization," whilst article 13 of the agreement states: "There shall be no interference by any of the three Governments with the direction, management, or control of the business of working, shipping, or selling the phosphates, and each of the three Governments binds itself not to do or to permit any act or thing contrary to, or inconsistent with, the terms and purposes of this agreement."

Can a more unsatisfactory situation be conceived than this? asks Mr. Harris. Here is a tiny island thousands of miles from anywhere whose riches are being exploited, not by a commercial company, but by an administration uncontrolled by any popular assembly; that administration is itself responsible for the supply of labor forces, under terms and conditions Harris has described; and the same administration is responsible for maintaining law and order and the judicial machinery. Nor is this all, for every member of the Government of the island derives his emoluments from the phosphates mined by the Chinese indentured coolies, and every institution is dependent upon the Phosphate Commissioners for their elementary needs—even the natives of the island have to look to the Phosphate commissioners for the medical attendance usually provided by Governments.

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In short, the dominant objective, the dominant personnel, the dominant motive of the whole enterprise is not service to humanity but phosphates. This is what is wrong with the world today.

This is a reversal with a vengeance both of British and mandate policy of trusteeship and the sacred trust—for such services as education, health, and justice are quite definitely and explicitly subordinated to the very material object of winning phosphates for the British Empire.

This may not be exactly the place to say it, but it ought often to be stated, that England's alcoholic drink bill if applied to her public debt would wipe it out in twenty-five years. France could clean her financial skirts in forty years if she would put into a sinking fund what she squanders in Vin Rouge.

There is naught the matter with the world anywhere. The sun is as sweet, the rain as life-giving, the soil as rich—all is well with the earth. But what is wrong is the strife-full selfishness of the people. And I am afraid there is no cure for this despite the beautiful philosophies of Dr. Cassius Keyser, Count Korzybski and even Herbert Croly, until there occur a lot more funerals.

EIDOLONS

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

It's the same world, I have no doubt
Only they've put the road-lights out,
And I go groping and discreet
For fear it breaks beneath my feet—
A thing it seems worlds often do;
A thing I should have said I knew.

How very curious it seems,
Now I have walked beyond my dreams,
That things who never were at all
Could make so very much befall—
One dead man and one dead woman
Who never were alive or human!

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND

FROM LLOYD GEORGE TO BONAR LAW

By J. ELLIS BARKER

ENGLISH affairs and English policy seem exceedingly obscure to outsiders. Englishmen are as a rule very reserved. They speak little. They do not wear their heart on their sleeve and they control their real feelings almost as severely as Japanese and Red Indians. Besides, England has an unwritten law and an unwritten constitution. Things are not what they seem. Outward appearances and realities differ widely. Napoleonic France and Imperial Germany were surprised at England's intervention and, misunderstanding the true character of the people, complained about their perfidy and their duplicity.

According to the text books the cabinet ministers are jointly responsible and act like a single person, and the Prime Minister is merely *primus inter pares,* is a somewhat shadowy figure among his colleagues who are supposed to be his equals. The very title Prime Minister was unknown to the constitution and was first officially recognized in 1905. For many decades the question was discussed whether the Prime Minister should not be endowed with greater power, with a power comparable to that which the President of the United States exercises over his Cabinet. Not a few English statesmen, among them both the elder and the younger Pitt, maintained that the other cabinet ministers ought to be the subordinates of the Prime Minister. That claim was hotly resisted by eminent politicians and constitutional writers. Hence the question remained in abeyance.

Many English Prime Ministers have assumed a preeminence over their nominal colleagues to which they were not entitled according to constitutional theory and tradition.

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One Prime Minister after the other imprinted his personal inclinations and character upon the policy of the country. The policy of England under a Gladstone profoundly differed from that under a Disraeli. The fact that the English administration had many heads but not a single head was recognized to be a danger, especially in case of war, and I frequently advocated that the English Prime Minister should be given greater power in accordance with the wise teachings laid down by Alexander Hamilton in the Federalist. Lord Salisbury and other eminent men whom I approached at the time were opposed to such a change.

In the course of the war it was found that government by a committee of twenty politicians was most inefficient. The creation of a smaller Inner Cabinet scarcely provided a remedy. The necessity of a one-man executive was felt. When Mr. Lloyd George came to power, he resolved to concentrate all authority into his own hands, acting like the elder Pitt who had been a great war minister and who had miraculously changed England's position soon after grasping all power. When called upon to act, English prestige was at the lowest ebb. The armies and fleets of the country were being defeated all over the globe. England itself was a prey to disorder and was threatened with invasion. The position seemed hopeless. Within a few years the elder Pitt reorganized England and the Empire, defeated France, conquered Canada, India and part of Africa, reestablished England's power in the Mediterranean, strengthened her finances and vastly increased her wealth and authority. He conciliated the hostile Scotch and Irish. He dismissed incompetent generals and admirals, replaced them by young men of his own selection, and did not hesitate to assume the control of military and naval operations which he carried through with the greatest success because, when acting as Commander-in-Chief and strategist, he allowed himself to be influenced by able soldiers and sailors. His knowledge of men caused him to select unerringly both excellent advisers and commanders.

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Mr. Lloyd George was the son of a poor schoolmaster. He lost his father at a tender age. His early life was a struggle with poverty and want. An uncle of his, a working shoemaker, enabled him to obtain an education and gave him a start in life. Mr. Lloyd George was highly gifted and exceedingly ambitious. He thirsted for success and power. He made a mark in parliament and rapidly rose to eminence. He believed, or pretended to believe, that he was the incarnation of Napoleon I. When he succeeded Mr. Asquith, he resolved to act not in the spirit of the British constitution but in the manner of Napoleon I and of the elder Pitt, and the nation readily gave him all the power which he wished to have. Thus Mr. Lloyd George became virtually the dictator of England. His colleagues became his subordinates. Like Napoleon and the elder Pitt, he acted as his own Commander-in-Chief and his own Foreign Minister, and he created in the Cabinet Secrtariat an organization whereby he could supersede the great departments. The Foreign Office and other important departments shrank almost to insignificance for Mr. Lloyd George acted not infrequently without consulting those nominally responsible and sometimes he acted with entire disregard of the opinion of his expert advisers.

During the first years of the war the absence of a single executive was felt to be most disadvantageous. Endless discussion among the governing politicians led to procrastination, delay and finally to the adoption of half measures which proved disappointing and harmful. Many of the most farseeing people demanded the creation of a dictatorship and pointed out that the Roman Republic appointed a dictator in case of national danger, and that the United States had a dictator in case of danger in the President who was solely responsible and who was Commander-in-Chief according to the constitution. Hence the fact that Mr. Lloyd George assumed virtually dictatorial power aroused little criticism. However, it was felt that the normal constitutional arrangements should be reintroduced as soon as

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the fighting was over. Mr. Lloyd George felt little inclined to abandon the extraordinary powers which the war had put within his grasp. He contined acting like a dictator to the dismay of the great departments and of his nominal colleagues. The fact that England has an unwritten constitution allowed the Prime Minister to extend his powers during the war and to retain them after the peace. The English are a practical nation. They were quite willing to give a fair trial to the new arrangements. They would have been ready to abandon their old ideas as to the joint responsibility of the Cabinet had the innovation worked well. Besides, loyalty to the chief is one of the great unwritten laws of the country. No one would have insisted on Mr. Lloyd George divesting himself of his supreme power on account of constitutional punctilio.

The English nation felt greateful to the late Prime Minister. It was universally believed that he had saved the country from defeat. Many saw in Mr. Lloyd George a great genius. Many thought that he alone had the gifts required to establish a satifactory and lasting pece. The masses were not aware that Mr. Lloyd George's prestige had been created not so much by his positive achievements as by a most skillful campaign of self advertisement. He is one of the ablest public speakers of all times. He possesses at the same time the oratorical gifts of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Woodrow Wilson and those of Colonel Ingersoll and Mark Twain. Recognizing the great power of the press, he made it subservient to himself, exactly as did Napoleon I and Bismarck. The leading journalists were always welcome at his house. He knew how to silence his opponents in the press by various means. He caused wealthy supporters to buy up independent papers and rewarded those who did the necessary financing with decorations and titles. He created a powerful press bureau and various special publications which supplied the press and the public with information which tended to his own glorification. This campaign was criticised by the initiated few. However, their criticism

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would have been silenced had Mr. Lloyd George's supreme power and peculiar activities proved beneficial to the nation. Unfortunately that was not the case.

Mr. Lloyd George is one of the greatest speakers living and is possibly the greatest. He has an extraordinary personal charm, a very ready wit, a great gift for repartee, boundless humor, and he is a most accomplished actor. He may be a genius as a speaker and negotiator but he is scarcely a genius as a statesman. There is much truth in the old definition that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. The greatest statesmen and administrators of all ages, men such as Cardinal Richelieu, Sully, Colbert, Napoleon I, Frederick the Great, Stein, Bismarck, Cromwell, Pitt, Alexander Hamilton, and many others, were indefatigable workers. That may be seen from the extraordinary voluminous writings of these men. Mr. Lloyd George is incapable of hard grinding work. He is too restless and too impatient to concentrate his attention on any subject. He possesses brilliancy without solidity, a super-exuberance and assurance which is apt to overwhelm his opponents. The stolid British nation instinctively, and rightly, distrusts brilliant men, preferring men of solidity and character. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lloyd George is the most un-English among the English Prime Ministers. His extraordinary vivacity, restlessness and esprit amazed the ready witted Frenchmen. Compared with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Clemenceau and other brilliant Frenchmen seemed veritable dullards.

Mr. Lloyd George is no doubt one of the most brilliant men living and, like so many showy men, he is rather impressive than sound, rather spectacular than reliable. He has always aimed in the main at self-advancement and at self-advertisement, and has never hesitated to change his views and policies in the most extraordinary manner. In his early days he played the part of a radical and pacifist. He took the part of the Boers, defamed the British army and the British generals and posed as a purist in financial

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matters. Soon afterwards, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was involved in the Marconi scandal to his discredit. At the time of the Agadir crisis he made a most warlike speech threatening Germany, a speech which utterly belied the pacifist views which he had continuously expressed. Soon afterwards, when the nation complained about over-taxation, he advocated with the greatest energy the reduction of British armaments and universal disarmament. In January, 1914, when the German war cloud was over-shadowing the horizon of Europe, and when there was a powerful agitation in England for making preparations at the eleventh hour, the *Daily Chronicle* published a statement of his that the prospects of peace were better than they had ever been and that the moment had arrived for drastically reducing England's naval and military expenditure. Once more Mr. Lloyd George led the Pacifist party. When in the summer of 1914, Germany threatened Europe with war, Mr. Lloyd George used his enormous power for opposing intervention. The fatal Cabinet meeting could arrive at no decision because Mr. Lloyd George was in favor of leaving France in the lurch. Thus energetic intervention in favor of peace was made impossible. Had Sir Edward Grey been authorized by the Cabinet to declare at once to Germany that an attack on France would lead to England's intervention, the war might never have broken out. When, at last, Mr. Lloyd George joined his colleagues in the Cabinet in favor of energetic action it was too late to stop Germany. The hesitating attitude necessarily adopted by the Cabinet in view of its disunion had given in Berlin the impression that England might safely be disregarded, that she might protest but would not intervene.

Mr. Lloyd George no doubt hoped to obtain supreme power by opposing the Prime Minister and his colleagues. When the war broke out he, the former pacifist, became the most energetic advocate of that ruthless activity which was demanded by the nation. Thus he became far more popular than his chief, Mr. Asquith. The disappointments ex-

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perienced during the beginning of the war created the belief that Mr. Asquith should be replaced by a stronger man. Mr. Lloyd George was credited with the necessary determination. He ousted Mr. Asquith by very questionable means and his action has never been forgiven by the friends of his predecessor.

According to popular belief Mr. Lloyd George won the war. That impression was sedulously spread by himself and by his supporters. However, although he made energetic speeches, he did a great deal of mischief. Trying to play the part of Napoleon or of the elder Pitt, he recklessly interfered in military affairs. The soldiers demanded more men, but Mr. Lloyd George refused to provide them. The generals wished to strengthen the armies in France. Mr. Lloyd George allowed them to become weakened by refusing to provide drafts sufficient to make up for losses and, at the same time, he weakened the Western Front still further by arranging against the will of his military advisers for large expeditions in the East. When in spring 1918, the militarily expected and long predicted great German attack took place, Mr. Lloyd George blamed for the disastrous defeat the British generals, whose unceasing demands for reinforcements and whose opposition to fantastic adventures in the East he had completely disregarded.

It is a peculiarity of Mr. Lloyd George that he has always pursued simultaneously two diametrically opposed policies. He differs in this from those policitians who sit on the fence, biding their time. He has pursued simultaneously a pro-Bolshevist and an anti-Bolshevist policy, a policy hostile to Sinn Fein and favorable to Sinn Fein, a pro-Turkish and an anti-Turkish policy. He has spoken in favor of nationalization and against nationalization, for Free Trade and against Free Trade, for government regulation of trade and industry and against it, and he has always been ready to take up whichever of the two opposed policies seemed at the moment most promising without regard to the consequences. The result has been that England

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has become thoroughly distrusted abroad and that, far from settling the problems coming before him, Mr. Lloyd George has created the greatest confusion wherever he has intervened.

When the war was drawing to an end, he promised in picturesque language to hang the Kaiser, to search Germany's pockets and to make her pay the uttermost farthing. At the same time he pursued the policy of letting Germany get off scot free in accordance with the demands of the English Socialist Labor Party. Thus he destroyed the confidence which France had in England and caused her to pursue an anti-British policy in Asia Minor and elsewhere especially as Mr. Lloyd George endeavored to undermine France's power in the East. It was perfectly obvious that impoverished England could provide for her population only if the greatest economy was observed on the part of the government and if the people would make up the losses caused by the war by increased production and thrift. However, Mr. Lloyd George, while demanding increased production and rigorous economy, encouraged the workers to produce less and to spend recklessly. He promised them "a new Heaven and a new earth." He asked them to "open their mouths wide" in formulating their demands. He promised them "houses fit for heroes to live in." He arranged for gigantic subsidies and doles, and forced shorter hours of labor and vastly increased wages upon the industries. He intervened directly in every great labor struggle, took the part of the men and conceded all their demands. Thus he was chiefly responsible for the gigantic strikes which broke out during the reconstruction period, for the vastly increased national expediture, for hugely increased taxation and for the calamitous reaction, accompanied by unprecendented unemployment, from which England is suffering still.

It was hoped that the man who proclaimed that he had won the war would also win the peace. His activties in peace making were certainly prodigious. He assembled

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one peace conference after the other. He played the foremost part in huge spectacular gatherings which invariably ended in failure. The failure of these conferences was, after all, only natural. One cannot negotiate with a crowd. He took part in thirteen international conferences and he explained away their universal failure in picturesque speeches which, for the moment, appeased the dissatisfied. The next conference was always to bring about the hoped-for final settlement. Dissatisfaction with the ever increasing burden of taxation, with the growing disorder everywhere, with the estrangement of France and with England's vanishing credit and prestige and the danger of her complete isolation became ever greater. Mr. Lloyd George had not only created enemies to England everywhere, but by his policy he had driven Ireland to despair, caused the loss of Egypt and estranged India. Against these losses of the great Imperial domain he could set off English settlements and claims in Palestine and Mesopotamia which were rather a liability and a danger than an asset. The measure of dissatisfaction began to flow over when Mr. Lloyd George's Turkish policy threatened to involve England in a totally unnecessary war which might easily lead to a universal rising of Mahomedanism against England and to disaster in India.

A few months before the late political crisis, dissatisfaction with Mr. Lloyd George's management had increased very greatly. He had created the most terrible chaos in Ireland by his policy of supporting and abandoning each Irish party in turn. England was being ruined by overtaxation. It is worth mentioning that England with two-fifths the population and one-fifth the national wealth and income of the United States pays far more in taxes than the Republic. Mr. Lloyd George's policy towards France was converting that country into an enemy of England, and his adventures in Palestine and Mesopotamia not only caused ruinous expenditure but caused friction with the United States, because apparently England wished to monopolize the oil resources of the Near East. Although Mr. Lloyd

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George had always posed as the democrat of democrats, he had created an unprecedented number of peers, baronets, knights, etc. The new peerages created by him greatly exceed a hundred in number. It came out that peerages and other honors had been sold, some to quite unworthy people, at enormous prices and that thus a gigantic fund of unknown size and for unknown purposes had been raised. Then came the Turkish bombshell. Acting without the knowledge of the foreign office, Mr. Lloyd George had egged on the Greeks to attack Turkey notwithstanding the warnings which he had received from the highest French and English military authorities, and had then deserted them. Apparently he had sent to the English General, Harrington, in command at the Dardanelles, an ultimatum which would have led to war with Turkey had he not had the courage to keep it in his pocket. Leading men of all shades of opinion became at last convinced that Mr. Lloyd George's continued presence at the helm would bring about the ruin of England and of the Empire. As explained in the beginning of this article, the English are a reserved nation. They control their feelings and do not like to hurt men if they can avoid it, particularly if they are indebted to them for services rendered. Nominally the Unionist Party revolted against the continuance of their partnership with the Liberals. In reality they revolted against Mr. Lloyd George. It is charactistic of the English nation that during the whole period of the political crisis Mr. Lloyd George's mismanagement, the honors scandal and other grievances were never mentioned.

Mr. Lloyd George has broken up the Liberal Party to which he belonged in the past. He would have broken up the Unionist Party as well, had he been retained much longer. He has become discredited not only with these two great parties, but also with the Labor Party. The working masses thoroughly distrust him because of his unreliability and of his duplicity. The late Prime Minister has preserved only a small number of personal followers who be-

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lieve in his star, and his strength consists chiefly in the control of large funds obtained by the questionable means referred to.

Mr. Lloyd George's logical successor was Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Bonar Law is the very antithesis of Mr. Lloyd George. He is quiet, simple, plain spoken and is universally trusted because of his sterling character. He is the embodiment of plain common sense, an effective speaker, but not an orator, hard working and exceedingly reserved. Working quietly in the background, Mr. Bonar Law has probably had a greater share in winning the war than Mr. Lloyd George. During the fatal period of hesitation, when the Cabinet's action was crippled owing to Mr. Lloyd George's questionable attitude, Mr. Bonar Law hastily called a meeting of the Unionist Party, which then was in opposition, and placed himself and his followers unconditionally at the disposal of Mr. Asquith and promised him support in any energetic action which he might find it necessary to take.

The change from Lloyd George to Bonar Law resembles that from Mr. Wilson to President Harding. Mr. Law, like Mr. George, is a son of the people, is a self-made man. He is a Scotchman, with English and Irish blood in him, who was born and partly educated in Canada, and he is a business man by profession. His policy is a business policy. While Mr. Harding promised, before his election, that he would bring back the United States to normalcy, Mr. Bonar Law promised that he would introduce tranquility and stability. The second paragraph of his election address stated:

"The crying need of the nation at this moment, a need which, in my judgment, far exceeds any other, is that we should have tranquility and stability both at home and abroad, so that free scope should be given to the initiative and enterprise of our citizens, for it is in that way far more than by any action of the government that we can hope to recover from the economic and social results of the war. With this in view I think it is of the utmost importance that we should return as quickly as possible, and as completely as possible, to the normal procedure which existed before the war."

The last paragraph of his very short election address says:

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"There are many measures of legislative and administrative importance which, in themselves, would be desirable, and which, in other circumstances, I should have recommended to the immediate attention of the electorate. But I do not feel that they can, at this moment, claim precedence over the nation's first need, which is, in every walk of life, to get on with its own work with the minimum of interference at home and of disturbance abroad."

It will be noticed that Mr. Bonar Law, probably unconsciously, recommended not only a return to "normalcy," but advocated, like President Harding, "more business in government and less government in business."

Mr. Lloyd George has been a man of boundless promises. His new Heaven and his new earth have not materialized. Mr. Bonar Law has been careful not to make similar promises. On the contrary he stated with emphasis, in closing his great campaign speech in Glasgow, on the 26th of October:

"Whatever happens, whatever government is returned to power, in my belief there will be disappointment, but we cannot help that. The problems are there. We have to face them, and if you return us to power we will face them as honestly as we can."

It is worth noting that this ultra-modest statement preparing the nation for disappointments was printed in large capitals when that speech was distributed broadcast to the electors. That statement and that action are thoroughly characteristic of the man.

Mr. Bonar Law has been in office for a few weeks, but already he has carried out some of his promises. The Cabinet Secretariat created by Mr. Lloyd George, by means of which the late Prime Minister overrode the Foreign Office and other departments, has been dissolved. The reproach that England has two different Foreign Offices which talk with different voices, that it has two War Offices, etc., can no more be raised. Although Mr. Bonar Law supported in the past the resistance of Ulster with the greatest energy, he is determined to carry through the Irish Free State Treaty. He stated at Glasgow:

"I was not a member of the government when the Treaty was made. . . . Our word is our bond. . . . We do wish it to succeed. It is a terrible task. . . . A country so demoralized as Ireland in no circumstances can

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be put right quickly or easily. It will require great patience, but if we are satisfied now, as I believe we have the right to be satisfied, that the Provisional Government are honestly trying to carry out the Treaty, we will have patience and give them every chance to make it a success."

In this instance also the new Prime Minister did not make a glowing appeal to the imagination, as Mr. Lloyd George would have done, but pointed out the difficulties and honestly prepared the nation for possible disappointments. With regard to foreign politics, Mr. Law promised to abandon the policy of adventure and provocation which his predecessor had pursued in his reckless exhuberance, stating:

"At the present moment the first foreign interest, not alone of Great Britain and of the British Empire, but of the world, is the re-establishment of peace. In all our foreign relations we intend to pursue an even course, loyally fulfilling the obligations we have undertaken, but resolutely determined not to extend our commitments, and should reasonable occasion arise, to curtail them. It was by whole-hearted co-operation, often under great difficulty, and with great differences of opinion, that we won the War. It is only by the same frank and full co-operation, conducted in the same spirit, with France and our other great Allies, that we can hope to solve the difficult problems with which we are now confronted."

In carrying through this policy of self-restraint, moderation, loyalty and peace the new Prime Minister wishes to co-operate both with the great Dominions and with the United States. He stated:

"Above all, we mean in all matters affecting the external policy or security of the Empire, to act in close and continuous consultation with the governments of the Dominions and of India in order to ensure that our policy shall keep fully in view both the interests and sentiments of our fellow subjects overseas, and at all times have behind it the moral support of the whole British Commonwealth. . . .

"The maintenance of our friendship and good understanding with the United States, based not on any formal alliance, but on a community of inherited ideals as well as on recent comradeship in arms, must always be a principal aim of British policy."

Mr. Bonar Law's word is his bond. He may be expected to act in accordance with the brief and clear statements quoted. In striving to settle the numerous difficult international problems which have become ever more entangled by Mr. Lloyd George's rash and ill-considered intervention, Mr. Bonar Law means to shun the spectacular con-

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ferences of the past and to leave diplomatic affairs to those most fitted to handle them. He has told us:

"There are times, and probably frequent times, when, just as in ordinary business affairs, the right way to get things done is for the men responsible to talk to each other. That is often desirable. But in the main the time has now come, I think, when we should fall back on the ordinary machinery, and that conferences should only come as an exception, and to clinch the business when it has been brought to a certain degree of perfection. . . .

"It is my intention to leave the main direction of our foreign policy to the man who, I think, has done it well, to our present Foreign Secretary, and to do nothing without at least having the benefit of his advice."

The cautious and modest statements of Mr. Bonar Law were jeered at by Mr. Lloyd George and his principal supporters. They accused him of dull inactivity, they foretold that he would not create stability, but stagnation, and Mr. Lloyd George referred to his successor's "simplicity" in the most offensive manner. Some of Mr. Lloyd George's henchmen foretold disaster because England was no longer governed by her most brilliant men. In reply Mr. Bonar Law stated, with his usual modesty:

"I am unfortunately no Disraeli. But it is just possible that, without his genius, I have gauged not only what is good for the country, but what the election will show the country wants, and that is freedom from disturbance at home and abroad, as little interference as possible with the initiative of individuals, leaving the recovery to come not so much by action from above, from the government, as by the free play and the energy of our own people.

"Let me read what Disraeli said about it. 'The Conservative Party are accused of having no programme or policy. If by a programme is meant a policy which assails or menaces every institution, every interest, every class and every calling in the country, I admit that we have no programme. But if to have a policy with distinct aims, and these such as most deeply interest the great body of the nation, be a becoming programme for a political party, then I contend we have an adequate programme.'

"Here is another extract: 'I shall, whether in or out of office, continually endeavour to propose or support all measures calculated to improve the conditions of the people of this kingdom. But I do not think this great end is advanced by unceasing and harassing legislation. The English people are governed by their customs as much as by their laws, and there is nothing they more dislike than unnecessary restraint and meddling interference with their affairs.' . . . What Disraeli said I, too, say. I want tranquility

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and stability. I mean to act as little as he did, but that does not mean that I am satisfied with the world today, that I wish no change. I mean what he meant. There are times when it is good to sit still and go slowly."

While Mr. Lloyd George had lost not only the confidence of all parties, Mr. Law had gained the respect and support not only of his own party, the Unionist, but also that of the leading liberals who were supposed to follow Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. McKenna, the liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Asquith's administration, recommended to the nation to choose Mr. Bonar Law, stating:

"I quote Mr. Bonar Law's language: 'What the country needs is tranquility, freedom from adventures and commitments, both at home and abroad.' It is a policy of peace. It is a policy of retrenchment necessary to restore our trade and to bring our people back into full employment. It is a policy frankly adapted to the exceptional circumstances of the time, and it is the only policy, by whomsoever it might be carried out, which could give us any hope of restoring our economic life. In the present welter of parties it seems to me that Mr. Bonar Law's government offers us the only prospect of salvation."

As Mr. McKenna is the chairman of the largest London bank, his recommendation was particularly noteworthy. Viscount, formerly Sir Edward Grey, was Foreign Minister in the Liberal Governments from 1905 to 1916. He, also, urged the nation to select Mr. Bonar Law, stating:

"It is true the government that is coming into office is conservative, but for all that I feel today a sense of relief. The country wants quietness and steadiness in political affairs."

England and the Empire have greeted the change from Lloyd George to Bonar Law with relief. The new Prime Minister is thoroughly representative of the best qualities of the English nation. He is a man of rare poise, balance, soundness of judgment, industry and character, and if he should keep his health, he may, in his quiet, unostentatious manner, be able to rectify the terrible mistakes which his predecessor has made, to replace chaos by order and to re-establish England's reputation for loyalty, reliability and fair dealing. I have had the pleasure of knowing the new Prime Minister for a great many years, and I have every confidence in his sterling character and ability.

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SHAKESPEARE AND HAMLET

By ROLAND HOLT

WHEN one considers that the writer has seen ten other actors as Hamlet (Haase, Booth, Wilson Barrett, Willard, Tree, Creston Clarke, Kellard, Sothern, Forbes Robertson and Hampden) it is high praise to say that only three of them equalled John Barrymore. Yet never has this great drama seemed so long and so without illusion as it does in the Barrymore production of Hamlet now being given at the Sam Harris Theatre in New York City.

Barrymore himself was a moving gracious figure, showing much thought, great sensibility and eloquence, yet Robert Edmond Jones' scenery dominated the evening, and has been the main subject of most of the voluminous criticism printed on the production. Even though nominally Mr. Hopkins directed, Mr. Jones made us think of a conductor who is so intent on showing his "reading" of a masterpiece that he almost obliterates the poor composer.

Let us allow this artist a sincere intention to simplify his scenery, so as to permit a fuller text (including many trivial restorations of more than questionable value, that dragged the play from 8.10 to 11.40), let us also credit him with an effect of great spaciousness and dignity and with a number of pictures of considerable beauty, with a production that was far superior to his unlamented *Macbeth*. He apparently deliberately intended to represent both these plays as "night pieces." In *Macbeth* he went so far as to substitute a sort of black gauze for blue sky. In *Hamlet* he allowed us a blue night sky in one steady, practically unchanging light, "sun, moon and stars forgot." There was no sunlight on it, or thru the absolutely "dead" deep-set window on the left of the audience. But though apparently all the action was supposed to be at night, there was not a single light shown in the palace. As Denmark is supposed to be a cold

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country, and the enormous archway at the back was left frequently wide open and uncurtained, it must have been a sort of mid-summer night's bad dream. None of these Norsemen wore furs; in fact most of them were in very light costumes that would have done equally well in Mr. Jones' earlier Italian productions. Where did he get the idea that they had a Sullivan law in martial Denmark? We saw no weapons save those borne by Hamlet, and Laertes. Were they the only ones who had permits? Why did the King and Laertes wear "the garbage of a monk", when they helped bury Orphelia inside the palace? When Hamlet, instead of following the Ghost to a remoter place, got lost on the steps inside his own home, when he had to play the scene in "the closet" with his mother in the dark, saving for painfully obvious spot lights, when the unhappy courtiers had to stand huddled on the steps against the side walls throughout the play scene, and again when many scenes were played before a curtain, on which were painted six puzzling grotesque figures, twice the height of the actors, all illusion was lost. Before that fearful curtain, everybody had to stand, and "speak their pieces", and we longed for Forbes Robertson's earlier scene, where the Polonius family were comfortably seated at home. In Brooklyn, at the same time, Mr. Towse in the *Post* told us, Walter Hampden was giving an infinitely more convincing and better staged performance of the same play. Here we mournfully remembered Forbes Robertson's crisping Northern sea in the Ghost scene. The funeral of Hamlet, born slowly on shields, to Tschaikowsky's great march, with the solemn minute guns and the falling star, the lovely landscapes and changing glows of the sky, with "the seas that mourn in purple" in Wilson Barrett's and Tree's productions.

The way to stage Shakespeare was shown us at its finest long ago by Irving and since in *Macbeth* by Urban. Anyone who merely tries to make fine pictures, regardless of place and climate, quickly jars on the spectator, and takes his mind off the plays, when given in this modern stylistic garb.

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Mr. Jones is painter by appointment to the royal house of Barrymore, and "coldly furnished forth" Miss Ethel Barrymore's *Juliet* with three uncompromising arches, that kept the audience guessing and thereby killed the illusion of the play. Miss Barrymore was beautiful, earnest and intelligent, but reminded Kenneth MacGowan more of Isolde than of Juliet. She had excellent support, but as Brother John says nightly "the rest is silence." All who love the theatre though look forward eagerly to the three remaining productions of Miss Barrymore's season. At present another Juliet is born at the Metropolitan Opera House, where Urban's lovely scenery may be enjoyed.

David Warfield has given us an immensely human and plausible Shylock, and his outburst in his vengeance speech is the finest bit of blazing eloquence to be heard this season. He holds our sympathy in the trial scene, and makes us feel that had we been treated by Jews as he was treated by Gentiles, we would have felt fully justified in wanting to knife one of them. Belasco enriches the play by telling pantomime outside the synagogue and when, after Shylock has been ordered to become a Christian, a grim monk who might have delighted in auto-da-fes follows him out with up-raised crucifix. A remarkably fine cast includes A. E. Anson, such Irving veterans as Mellish and Harbury, besides Ian MacLaren, Philip Merivale, Albert Bruning and the intelligent and graceful Portia of Mary Servoss. Norman O'Neill's music on a fine orchestra makes the brief intermission delightful, and gives added eloquence to some of the action. It is lamentable that the reaction against water caused by Prohibition has this season dried up the sound in *Hamlet,* the Adige in *Romeo and Juliet* and worst of all the Canals of Venice in *The Merchant.* We are tempted to wish that the too solid masonry of both Messrs. Jones and Belasco would melt, but nevertheless with his rich and lovely costumes and the splendid court and Belmont scenes, painted by Emest Gros, Belasco has given us one of the loveliest of his famous productions, the most beautiful on our stage today. In the last Belmont scene, we have a low garden of

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gray circular benches, box hedges and a sun dial, beneath a wonderful star-powdered sky that seems of illimitable height. There are also fine music and beautiful dresses, and we leave the theatre full of the joy of beauty and romance.

Clemence Dane undertook a tremendous task when she put *Will Shakespeare* himself upon the stage, and she has succeeded in a play of frequent poetry, and ending on a strain of splendid exaltation, where Elizabeth tells Shakespeare that happiness is for neither of them, but that they must both serve England greatly. Then Shakespeare left alone, ends the play with the very words of his deserted wife at the end of Act I, lamenting "The years—the years to come!", little realizing that his ripest years are yet to come. Like Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet, Will Shakespeare* opens with a beautiful unaccompanied chorus. Norman Bel Geddes' "topless towers" of blue rooms, even though not quite appropriate, have a fine effect of spaciousness, the costumes are splendid, and Mr. Ames has given the whole production his usual fine distinction. Otto Kruger as young Shakespeare looks the part and plays it with beautiful sensibility. Miss Haidee Wright, tho a trifle short for the part, makes Queen Elizabeth a strange and interesting combination of deadly quiet formidableness combined with a noble devotion to England. As acted the play is considerably changed from the printed version.

Space does not make it possible to give considerable notice to even all the important plays given in the crowded three months between October 13th and January 10th. For the sake of record, we mention briefly here three by noted authors. Molnar's *Fashions for Men* has no kinship to his deeply-felt *Liliom*. It is a considerable drop from Elmer Rice's *On Trial* to his now current *It Is The Law*. Bataille's *The Love Child* shows some of his ability. The French sentimentalize the results of errant love. Shakespeare used a sterner word in *King John* for such a child; Fallon and Camp's *The Last Warning* which concerns a haunted theatre, is the most thrilling mystery play of several seasons.

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Three plays by Americans are among the most deserved success of the season.

The Fool is uneven and has a few small bits of hokum, but on the whole it is strong and bracing. Like Bolton and Middleton's *Light of the World* (recently accepted by The Odeon in Paris) it shows what befell a man of today who tried to live as Christ might, but Mr. Pollock's hero is a New Yorker, while Messrs. Middleton and Bolton's was a foreigner. The climax is reached in a riot, interrupted by an apparent miracle. The discussion of vital questions is remarkably fair, and the tone of the play noble. The hero sends a weak wife back to her husband, saying "True happiness is clean living, clear thinking and self respect." Later he says "the trouble with the world today is that we have forgotten Duty." These words should be a tonic for some of our spineless playwrights and novelists.

In Austin Strong's *Seventh Heaven,* the heroine tells her uncle that she had "not been good" rather than get comfort in his home under false pretences, but, as this is a Golden play for home consumption, we are spared any unpleasant particulars. This play is thoroughbred, fresh, bracing and highly original. In fact as the hero is a sewer cleaner, who emerges emaculate from a man hole, it might be called sewer generis. The settings of a street in the slums of Paris, and an attic, looking across the chimney pots toward the Seine, are remarkably picturesque, and the heroine's conquest of Fear decidedly dramatic. The characters, including an old taxi-man worthy of Dickens, are admirably drawn.

Now take *Merton of the Movies* made by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly from Harry Leon Wilson's story. Merton is a modest, pathetic idealist, whom every wholesome person instinctively loves. A poor clerk in a small town general store, he almost starves himself to save money for costumes (fulldress, cowboy, etc.) for movie acting. Pulling out his cot from under the counter, and kneeling by it, he prays with touching sincerity "O God make me a good movie actor!" By a fluke, Merton's attempt to imi-

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tate Parmlee, a very bad actor but a popular favorite, proves delicious burlesque, and he becomes famous as a comedian, when he'd dreamed of elevating the movies. "He done his damndest, angels could do no more." It almost breaks his heart, but smiling bravely he accepts his destiny. Merton is admirably played by Glenn Hunter, one of the many fine gifts of the Little Theatre to Broadway.

THREE KINDS OF TRANSPORT

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

There are three ways of getting about in Moscow * * *
There are three kinds of people * * *

There are Faded Droskeys, with bargaining drivers and hungry horses sneaking slowly over the cobbles * * *
They are soft-seated from days of luxury; you pay high for them; they are dingy with dirt and ricketty with age; they shake as if going to break down * * *
They are used by speculators and by foreigners who do not know their way about the city * * *

There are Giant Auto-trucks, dusty with speed, jumping madly over the gaps in the pavements * * *
People stand up in them; there is no time nor place for sitting down; they are crowded with men in overalls or children shouting, responsible workers bent on a job or irresponsible workers bent on holiday * * *
They take no care of themselves or of anything that impedes them; they break with strain, not with age; they repair themselves and increase speed * * *
Safety is not necessary to them, but to arrive is necessary * * *
They are used by the rulers of the city * * *

There are Ordinary Trams, with clean, hard seats, and conspicuous numbers indicating destinations * * *
They know where they are going and they get there neatly, slipping reliably on iron paths, turning corners with precision * * *
There are more of them each month; they run better each month; already they can be counted on * * *
They are used by the ordinary folks, who grumbled when they did not run, and thank nobody now that they run once more * * *

There are three ways of getting about * * *
There are three kinds of folks * * *

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

NOTHING in American history quite equals the audacity and the sustained and coldblooded lawlessness of the Ku Klux Klan as revealed by the hearings now going on in a small town in Louisiana. Mob rule there has been in this country, but mob rule had the virtue, as compared to the operations of the Ku Klux Klan, in that at least it was open and above board.

The religious persecutions in the New England colonies in the early period of our history at least were conducted in open daylight, but here we learn that in Mer Rouge and Bastrop, a group of men secretly organized, with no check on their lust for power and no limit to their ignorance, arrogance and bigotry, were able to terrorize the entire community, torture human beings with Torquemada-like horrors and practically commit murder without a single individual in the community daring to raise his voice. Shame on American manhood, shame on American womanhood, that there should be even a single hamlet in America where such a situation could be tolerated.

The enormity, the horrors and the crimes of the Ku Klux Klan in Mer Rouge and Bastrop are emphasized daily not only in the recital of what was done in August, but by the attitude of the spectators in the court room before the judge who is presiding over the hearing. The Klansmen proudly assert the membership in this iniquitous organization and, in open court with the judge on the bench, the audience breaks into applause. And worse still, with the U. S. troops in the village, another band of Klansmen operate in their black masks to settle a dispute over a rent bill.

One of the astounding things about the Ku Klux is the assumption of the poor ignorant people who belong to it—for it is essentially an organization of ignorant and uncultured people apparently—that they are Christians. How little they understand the teachings of Christ is shown by the admission of one klansman at the hearing at Bastrop that his oath as Klansman would prevent his giving testimony as to the commission of a crime if the crime were committed by a fellow Klansman. Surely there is little understanding of the fundamental tenets of Christianity in the idea of making secret war on the Catholics, still less understanding of the religious and ethical needs of the times, when it is realized how ably the Catholic church has held its adherents in a time

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of religious laxity, and how stiffly it has fought for the ideas of chastity and the sanctity of the marriage vow.

When it comes to the anti-Jew division of the Klan's propaganda, reasonable men would be apt to smile if it were not for the fact that this particularly vicious and un-American attitude is to be found among those who are better educated and is even encouraged by stupid reactionaries like President Lowell of Harvard. There is no better American than the Jew. When we think of the wonderful past of these great people, when we recall that it is to the Semitic race that we owe the three great religions of humanity—Judaism, Christianity and Islamism, one wonders at the assumption of the superiority by people with little culture and no tradition. If we have any regret about the Jews it is to see so many of the younger generation falling away from the beautiful faith of the forefathers.

* * *

A few weeks ago we climbed the hill in Oyster Bay to the grave of Theodore Roosevelt and afterward, in his historic home, heard Oscar Straus tell of the circumstances under which the Colonel, defending the religious view of the family of William Howard Taft, made his famous declaration in favor of religious freedom. Theodore Roosevelt believed that the day would come when this country would show its breadth and intelligence by electing a Catholic or a Jew to the Presidency, thus answering for all times the bigots. How he would have abhorred everything that the Ku Klux Klan stands for!

* * *

The rumor that President Harding is contemplating appointing Senator Miles Poindexter to the Secretaryship of the Interior will hearten Progressives throughout the country. Here is one of the ablest men in public life in America today, whose sole defect is his old-fashioned modesty and honesty. Here is a man who was one of the small band of the many followers of Theodore Roosevelt, who was willing to sacrifice his political career and all his material future for principle. When other men were pushing and shoving their way into the Colonel's line of vision, Miles Poindexter was always doing his duty somewhere else without any desire for public recognition. President Harding could do no single thing more calculated to popularize his Administration and his Cabinet than the appointment of Senator Poindexter.

* * *

The occupation of the Valley of the Ruhr by the French army is already past history and it is to the possible outcome of this act that we must look.

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Already the Germans have proclaimed a general strike among all lines of transportation and in the mines and they are attempting by every means in their power to thwart each new step of the French. As to what may be the results of the French move—that alone lies in the hands of the Gods. There are those who predict a reversion of Continental Europe to Bolshevism—that Germany will look for aid and support to Russia, who in turn will enroll Turkey and in a flash—a universal castastrophe. On the other hand those who agree with French action, hold to the opinion that the step is a well thought out one and will give to France that which she would never have been able to gain through mere discussion. The ultimate results probably lie somewhere between these two predictions. France will undoubtedly gain something more than she would have done by the old method of successive conferences. On the other hand, so much wastage of manpower, material and resources will have been used to obtain the results than will more than render ineffective the gains.

In the meantime, Germany will undoubtedly turn to Russia for cooperation and even if unable to enlist her in active aid will at least bring about a lasting treaty of friendship which will take the form of a complete monopoly of Russian exploitation.

Public opinion in this country has been on the surface manifestly anti-French but how far deep down that feeling really goes is debatable and difficult to gauge, but it may be safely said that the warm feeling that existed between the two countries at the end of the war has completely vanished. But to those individuals both in the press and in public utterances who denounce French action, a word of warning is necessary. France is staking her all on this throw of the dice. She honestly believes that she is doing the right thing both by herself and humanity in occupying Germany.

Whether we believe in the rights or the wrongs of the case we should in all fairness to our former Ally in the war at least remain silent and give her a chance to prove herself. England, though just as vitally concerned and quite as anxious as we are in regard to what the possible outcome will be, bade the French Godspeed as the lines of blue uniforms tramped over the bridgehead at Cologne in the grey dawn of a January morning.

Wild newspaper talk and the speeches of business men who fear they may lose something by France's action should not be made too much of. It merely gives comfort and moral aid to Germany whose one hope of entirely ignoring the Versailles treaty lies in choice that she may play off her opponents into hostility against one another. Let us remain silent, at least until our government—who up to the present time has made no move beyond recalling her troops at the one time in the last three years when they should not have been recalled—is willing to offer some kind of a panacea.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL**

IT has often been the habit of critics to disassociate Shakespeare from the times in which he lived, to view the man without regarding his environment, to admire his universal genius and deny his indebtedness to any contemporary influence.

Professor Schucking does not commit such an egregious error. Although his book is of too scholarly a character to please, in its entirety, those who are not close students of the Elizabethan drama, its theories proceed from the valid assumption that Shakespeare was a true child of his own century, the avatar of the Renaissance spirit, quick with love and hate, subject to common moods and passions, caring more for the market-place than the cloister, writing rather for his age than for all time.

The English dramatists of the sixteenth century were, for the most part, practical men, who had served a diligent apprenticeship to their craft, and who were more desirous of being paid in current coin than in future fame. The theatre, in their day, had few traditions. The place of an actor in the social scale was an humble one, and that of a playwright scarcely more exalted. The Euphuist and the Sonneteer ruffled it at Court, whence they regarded the dramatist with arrogant tolerance. A playwright had no standing as such, and frequently his best productions bore a bastard name. He was not influenced by nice scruples about plagiarism. If he found it advisable to confuse *meum* and *teum* he frankly borrowed ideas and phrases from his fellows, without feeling it necessary to apologize, in the grand Dantaesque manner, that he did but take pearls from a dung heap. Nor was he accustomed to prate overmuch of his devotion to Art for Art's sake. Immediate success was his touchstone of merit.

Shakespeare was no less human than his rivals. We may be sure that he did not esteem the low comedy which he introduced into his dramas, but when the Pit demanded some bread to so much sack, he was willing to appease its clamor. Then, too, the attempt to read elaborate symbolisms, political or otherwise, into his plays is idle. Modern criticism is beginning to recognize that "Honest Will" was no deliberate architect of intellectual labyrinths. His dramas were conceived for the stage and not for the

*"Character Problems In Shakespeare's Plays," by Levin L. Schucking. Henry Holt & Co.

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library; they were intended for the delectation of all classes of thetregoers, not for the solemn lucubrations of a few pedants.

Professor Schucking's book is especially satisfactory in that he pictures Shakespeare without a halo, and recognizes that the Master was not a studious recluse, courting the applause of posterity, but a popular genius, too enamoured of mortality to deserve being damned as an erudite Galahad.

DAVID ESTE BRUCE.

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*A PLAYWRIGHT'S OWN DRAMA**

THE year 1922 has seen a munificent bestowal of personal memoirs upon the bookshelves of our libraries, by those famed by fate and by others fated by fame. "The Print of My Remembrance," by Augustus Thomas, master playwright, has ample reason for existence, from the literary viewpoint as well as from the standpoint of achievements of the full life about which the recollections are written. Mr. Thomas, author of the play "The Copperhead" and many like Broadway successes, is the man who has undertaken to do for the theatres what Will Hayes does for the movies and Judge Landis for baseball.

Mr. Thomas properly employs his dramatic power of expression in narrating the adventurous incidents in his career and the reader finds that the author's turbulent, spontaneous style renders sustained interest a simple matter.

In 1868, at the age of eleven years, Augustus Thomas left his lovable home in St. Louis, where he was born, to serve as page-boy in the Missouri legislature, later going to the House of Representatives at Washington. He takes sad leave of his mother, his father and his reverenced grandmother but carries with him many imperishable memories, which act as markers for him as he moves along his busy path. About his maternal grandmother he has this to say: "I think I must give predominance to her influence. She was so unswerving in her intentions toward me, so positive in her assumptions, so constant that I remember her influence not only as personal and

* "The Print of My Remembrance," by Augustus Thomas. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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intimate but also as oracular and imperative." The grandmother of a playwright!

Mr. Thomas tells laughingly of the time he jumped from a moving train with young Bainbridge Colby on his back. Colby, later a cabinet officer during President Wilson's administration, was a "protege" of Thomas's in the science of boxing and associated "arts," all of which tended to distract young Colby's fond parents. When the related incident took place, Thomas was en route from St. Louis to Kansas City where lived a fair admirer of his youth. He worked as freight clerk, initiated himself into journalism and caricature, acted in various capacities in the theatre and finally was drawn into play dramatization. He is now at the head of the theatrical producers.

Mr. Thomas's book has something in common with Edward Bok's "Americanization" in its attention to basic virtues, but lacks the egotistical flavor of Bok's life story. Where Mr. Bok chose to use the questionable third-person form throughout his autobiography, Augustus Thomas selects the conventional first-person and proceeds in straight and simple fashion. His well-mellowed delineative mind, keyed to dramatism, produces the dramatic touch only where it will not irk the reader, and brings to the book a charm which leaves the peruser without a doubt that a master is behind it.

OSBORN F. HEVENER.

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*THE LURID STORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE**

ANY history of the Near East must have for its nucleus the life-story of Constantinople. The age-long debate between East and West centers around the city on the Bosphorus. The various Balkan States, as we know them today, have been merely factors in the argument.

Dr. William Stearns Davis in his "A Short History of the Near East" tells the story of the City of Constantine from its foundation in 330 A. D. down to the present day. It is not a pretty story, being almost entirely a tale of conflict, riot, and insurrection; these being repeated through the centuries well-nigh *ad nauseam*. Assuming, in the early days, the aspect

*A Short Story of the Near East by Dr. Wm. Stearns Davis. The MacMillan Co.

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of a religious controversy, the argument took on such proportions that bitter hatred arose and the Christian Church was finally split in two. The Nazarene's statement that he "came not to send peace, but a sword" comes frequently to mind, as we read the story of the schism between the Greek and Latin churches; this being contemporaneous with the foundation and growth of the Eastern Roman Empire.

About 1000 A. D., Constantinople had attained such vast proportions and had taken on an air of such magnificence that "strangers were lost in turgid eloquence when describing the beauties of New Rome." Illustrious and venerable, it was filled with architectural marvels. It was a city of wealth and luxury. It was the last word in pomp and display. To its inhabitants, it was *The* City. Then, at the height of its power, the Turk appeared upon the scene.

The Turanians, as a great human family, have contributed almost nothing to civilization. Dr. Davis tells us that "no Tartar, Mongol, or Turk has ever been a superior philosopher, poet, artist, scientist, or religious leader. Turan has merely produced great warriors and those of the most pernicious type." From the time the Turks first entered Europe in 1353, Balkania was doomed to a long succession of massacres and murders. Constantinople was captured and pillaged. The Ottoman Empire was gradually extended to include the entire Balkan peninsula, modern Hungary, and the Crimea. Even Vienna at one time was in danger of capture. In addition, the Turks had great possessions across the Bosphorus in Anatolia, Armenia, Egypt, Syria and Mesopotamia.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, during the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, the Empire attained its greatest growth. From that time began its decay. Greece and the Balkan States in turn asserted their independence. The Janissaries and the Young Turks rebelled. Turkey rapidly became "the Sick Man of Europe." The World War followed, with all its revolting consequences, including the heinous massacre of the Armenians.

It is to be hoped that this lurid drama, which began when the Turanian Turks crossed from Asia into Europe, is approaching its end. A perusal of Dr. Davis' book drives home the conviction that the unspeakable Turk is indeed quite as infamous and untameable as he has been painted. May his expulsion into Asia be for all time!

This History of the Near East supplies a valuable background for a correct understanding of current events.

ARTHUR A. CROSBY.

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